New Republic

DECEMBER 1, 1947

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AT THE SUCCESS FORMULA OF THOSE "LIBERAL" COWLES BOYS

By DALE KRAMER

A CALL TO ARMS AGAINST UMT

By HENRY WALLACE

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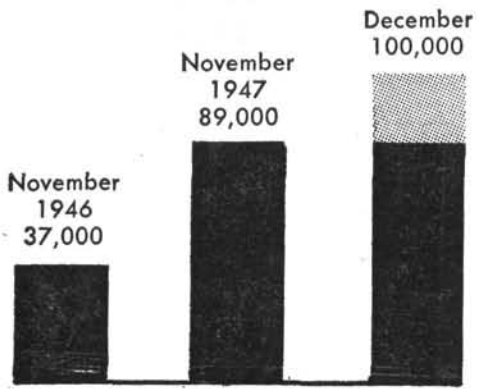

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WATCHING the Republican Party put its head in a noose is a fascinating sight. The 1946 GOP election sweep indicated that only gross mismanagement could prevent a Republican President in 1948. The Republicans are now giving themselves that kind of mismanagement; 1948 is in doubt.

The GOP alienated labor by the Taft-Hartley Act, antagonized the West by slashing irrigation and reclamation funds, and is souring farmers by attacking their coöperatives. It overpromised itself on budget cuts, "saving" such items as $30 million by dismissing 8,000 revenue agents who brought in $600 million in taxes, and another $9 million by cutting the Voice of America appropriation almost in half. Much of what it "saved" was phony, and the figures are now quietly coming in to show the absurdity of its claims. Still hypnotized by the memory of Roosevelt, the GOP blamed current high prices on the New Deal and proposed as the major plank in its program the Knutson across-the-board cut in income taxes, to aid the rich.

None of these moves was, in itself, fatal. The Knutson, Taber, Taft, Reece, Martin, Halleck leadership was riding high, wide and handsome. But now inflation becomes actually alarming.

In a sober, serious message to Congress, Truman presented a series of counter-measures. From our knowledge of the background, we do not believe that Truman was politically motivated. Truman, as we understand it, is prayerfully taking the advice of calm, sincere, impersonal and terribly anxious experts, like the Nourse group of economic advisers, Marriner Eccles, and men of that caliber.

Papers like the New York *Times,* which helped kill the OPA, approved the Truman remedies. The Republican stalwart, the New York *Herald Tribune,* criticized him for not going far enough. But what happened? Senator Robert A. Taft, the GOP intellectual leader, screamed that Truman's proposals were "totalitarian." The Republicans were caught off base, with little to offer the country but abuse.

This is the noose the GOP is sticking its neck into. As Lowell Mellett wrote, Truman "switched the issue from who was guilty in '46 to who'll be guilty in '48." If the GOP goes along with Truman now, it is a confession of having been wrong on the OPA. But if it doesn't go along, it confirms the growing national opinion that the Republicans are the "inflation party." Almost certainly the GOP isn't going along.

The Meyers mess. The Meyers investigation was a sickening drama. Somebody brought in 30 or 40 ex-servicemen amputees one day from a neighboring war hospital, who watched proceedings quite cheerfully in the kleig lights. It wasn't until newspapermen reminded them of it, poor devils, that they caught the irony of their contrasting war sacrifices. (Time enough for that the rest of their lives.) Then they stiffened up.

Cigar-smoking Major General Bennett E. Meyers, in charge of all Army Air Forces wartime procurement, is a sinister, heavy-villain type of figure. He seems to have been a pretty efficient procurement officer, and got a lot of medals when he quit. All he did wrong was to get rich on the side by illicit devices.

As a Symbol Meyers has a mystic quality of historical importance. The disillusionment after World War I with the failure of Wilson's League, promoted by the Nye investigations, is told in John Dos Passos' novel *U.S.A.* Now World War II has the makings of its own Symbol—a mass stereotype, a Symbol for who knows what of disillusionment, rage, revolt and despair. Meyers is too crude a

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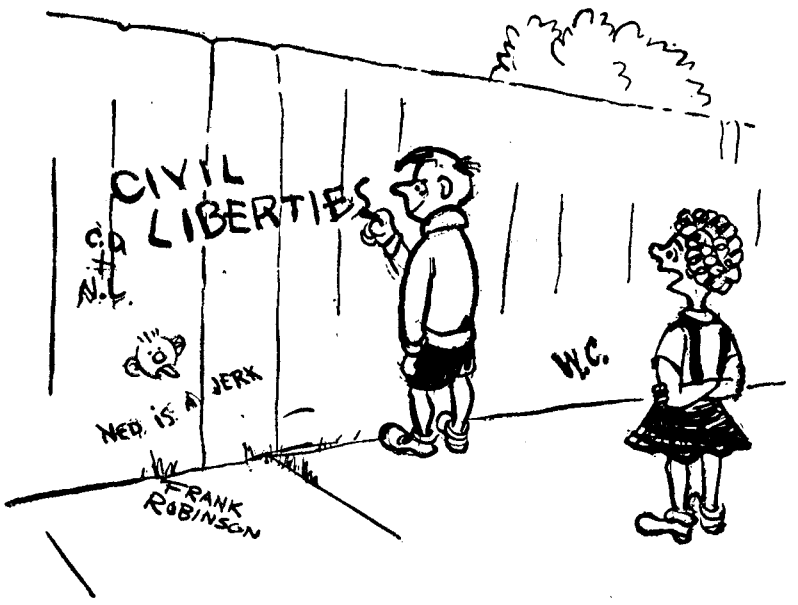

"Oh, Jackie—what you wrote!"

"He says he can remember when there was only one world!"

caricature for fiction; only real life could invent him.

Ace in the hole. The Republicans haven't put aside the idea of tax reduction; they'll trot it out again in January. It is their political ace in the hole before the elections. Democrats may be expected to weaken on it, too. Economists say tax reduction now, particularly for the rich, would simply increase inflationary spending power. It wouldn't increase production, they say, because production, for the time being, is limited by other factors.

Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder doesn't want to meet the issue head on. Let us have tax reduction, he says diplomatically, *after* foreign and budget needs are met. But Marriner Eccles is made of harder stuff. He feels that income-tax cuts now would be inflationary, and is prepared to say so. He wants special emergency power to boost the reserve requirements of US banks—not just Reserve banks, all banks. There will be screams of protest at this, because about half the country's banks aren't in the federal system (though the 7,000 outsiders are mostly small). The Administration wants to shut off the oversupply of money at its source—the banks. Here again will be a test of whether Congress will or won't do something about inflation and living costs.

Notes. Colonel Robert R. McCormick conferred recently with General MacArthur in Tokyo. . . . The State Department is separated from Walter Lippmann on Soviet Russia by a matter of tense; Lippmann says America has "won" her cold war, the department thinks she is "winning" it. The whole question is reopened by recent turmoil in Italy and France. . . . Representative Clare E. Hoffman (R, Mich.) is carrying on a private war with the press; as an expenditures-committee chairman he has twice summoned representatives of newspapers to question them about articles critical of himself. US newspapers are doing no service to a free press to countenance, or ignore, this dangerous legislative procedure.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 117, NUMBER 22, ISSUE 1722, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1947

New Republic

THE WEEK

THE American Federation of Labor, our Washington Bureau discloses, is planning to make full use of the new campaign slogan: "Taft—the Man All Labor No's."

A GOOD APPOINTMENT

Gray. President Truman seems to have made an all-around satisfactory choice in naming Charles A. Gray Jr. as Veterans' Administrator to succeed General Omar H. Bradley. While vice-president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, Gray showed himself to be a tough-minded individual who is not likely to be pushed around by the American Legion or logrolling congressmen.

Progressives point out that Gray is a man of impressive business experience, a fact that will help him in the use of $7 billion of federal money. Moreover, he is deeply interested in medicine, particularly as it applies to veterans. Like his brother, Dr. Howard K. Gray of the Mayo Foundation, he has been a foremost advocate of liberalization of the VA medical program. Consequently, Gray's appointment has the warm approval of Major General Paul R. Hawley, the VA's able medical director.

TIME-LY ADVICE

Eat. The international edition of *Time* is especially prepared for readers in Europe, Latin America and the Far East. Recent issues treated these hungry areas to some free advice.

Were readers feeling "tired or nervous"? Did they look "washed-out or pale"? A full-page advertisement of E. R. Squibb and Sons in *Time* international told them what to do about it.

"A change from bad to good eating habits can do wonders!" said Squibb, under a picture of piled-up meat, eggs, fats, green vegetables and fruit. "Above, you see the health-building foods you should have *every day . . . good* things to eat, every one! Cut it out and keep it where your family sees it constantly. . . . Start, *this very week,* on a sound, well balanced diet. If you stick to it, the chances are you'll feel and look noticeably better—and will never want to go back to your old youth-stealing eating habits again. . . . Look, feel more alive!"

THE OPPOSITION FORMS

Some defections. Not long after Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio) attacked the President's anti-inflation program, those Republicans who were not candidates for President or blind haters of any federal controls began to feel that it was not enough just to damn the Democrats' proposals. Taft's radio address had seemed to put the Republicans on record against Truman's program and in favor of no program at all.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

VISITORS' GALLERY

Freshmen Republican Senators Ralph E. Flanders (Vt.), Raymond E. Baldwin (Conn.), Edward J. Thye (Minn.) and John S. Cooper (Ky.) led the outcry against Taft when the Republicans met in caucus at the end of last week.

Taft was informed, in the politest possible fashion, that he would have to find some way to let the public know when he was speaking as Candidate Taft and when as Republican Policy Chairman Taft. Flanders pointed out that an economic subcommittee which he heads had, a few days before Truman's message, advocated nine of the President's 10 points—everything except price controls—even suggesting rationing meat and other food products.

But Flanders *et al.* are swimming against the tide in their party. Industrialists are convincing GOP congressmen that only one or two of the 10 major powers requested by Truman are worth considering. Maybe export controls should be extended and consumer-credit controls restored, but that is as far as most of them are willing to go. They are happy to hear Truman talk of wage ceilings, but they recognize that they cannot get them without taking some price control, too.

Predict food rises. The steel industry balks at allocations of materials as well as control of prices, declares that price controls will produce intensified shortages of steel rather than lower prices, and cites wartime examples.

The food industry says that Truman's threat of selective rationing and price controls will probably bring another round of price increases right away, regardless of whether or not the program becomes law. (Many processors who have been selling at close to cost will raise prices as insurance of

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high "base-period price," just in case their products should be brought under control.)

With such potent business support, Taft won't find it hard to build up a formidable bloc of Republicans and anti-price-control Democrats, despite some GOP defections.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

Idea. Representative Sid Simpson (R, Ill.) is an advocate of the direct approach. Last week he introduced a bill providing "that the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the minority leader are authorized and directed to proceed to Russia with the greatest possible expedition and to make contact with Premier Joseph Stalin for the purpose of obtaining through full, free personal consultation with him firsthand information which will aid in clarifying present and future relations between the US and Russia."

A UN ACCOMPLISHMENT

Geneva pact. The UN General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, announced by Secretary General Trygve Lie, is a milestone for the future rather than the present, but its immediate effect is far from trifling.

As of the first of the year, the US will lower its general tariff level to about 16 percent, the rate of the Underwood Tariff of 1913. The concessions we made were about equal to those we received. But the nations of Western Europe which signed the agreement will not be prevented from paying us back in kind, as they were after World War I. Certain items which they are now sending us to get dollars, like Scotch whisky and French wines, will be cheaper in the foreseeable future.

The agreement by 23 nations on 45,000 items, three-fourths of the world's international trade before the war, will grow in importance as recovery proceeds. It is the most sweeping general tariff agreement ever signed and represents a real triumph of hard work, patient compromise and realistic trading over six months at Geneva.

The heart of the document is the statement of general principles. The 23 nations promise to extend any agreement to everybody (most-favored-nation clause); they eschew quotas, import licenses and permits; they will not impose internal taxes and regulations on foreign goods that would be higher than on domestic goods.

The Baltimore *Sun* called the statement a bridge without approaches because there is an escape clause to be used if necessary to save the national economy. The day after signing the agreement Canada, for instance, announced a schedule of restrictions on imports from the US. And England, France and other countries which signed the agreement will use their ERP dollars on a strictly controlled basis.

Opposition in offing. The agreement was made for the US under the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act of 1934, which allowed our negotiators to juggle tariff schedules and to commit us to the general provisions. Even if the Act is not renewed when it expires next June, the Geneva agreement will continue in force unless Congress passes a new law which specifically changes or annuls it. It is certain that an effort will be made to extend the Act, and that there will be fierce attempts to slash at what was done under it at Geneva. US industry as a whole (especially big industries like steel and motors) is generally in favor of low tariffs. But little industries—such as

The Story Behind the Message

THE STORY of what went on behind the scenes while President Truman was making up his mind on what to do about inflation may have some bearing on the outlook for his program.

Among his cabinet members, Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal were the most violent opponents of a return to price control and rationing.

Attorney General Tom C. Clark and Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson inclined toward their side, but more mildly.

The Treasury's John W. Snyder and Secretary of State George C. Marshall took the position that whatever Truman decided was all right with them.

Only Lewis B. Schwellenbach of Labor and Postmaster General Robert E. Hannegan, plus Oscar L. Chapman representing ailing Secretary of the Interior Julius A. Krug, urged the President to come out flatly for strong controls.

It was Hannegan, surprisingly, who argued with the most force and effectiveness. He backed the arguments for controls advanced by Leon H. Keyserling and other members of the President's Economic Advisory Council and strengthened them by quoting in their support party leaders like Edward J. Flynn.

Up until Sunday noon before the Monday speech, Truman's closest advisers still were not sure what position the President would take.

The remaining New Dealers stuck close to the White House all that day. Probably the decisive factor was that the President's legal counsel, Clark M. Clifford, thought some kind of controls were necessary. In the end, Clifford drafted the message on lines laid down by the Hannegan-Keyserling side.

The big question now is: can Harriman and Anderson be depended upon to fight for the price controls and rationing which they opposed? The Truman advisers who favored price controls and rationing are on guard against any move by other Administration men to weaken the program. They fear Truman may leave it to the Republicans to prepare the necessary legislation, or may be persuaded to split the program into 10 different bills and thus provide the GOP with 10 different targets.

HELEN FULLER

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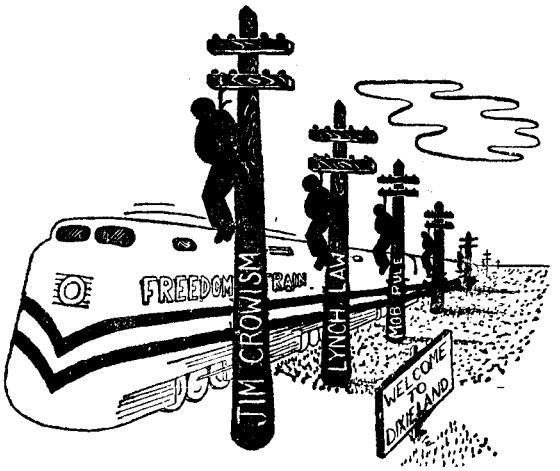
wool, beet sugar and leather—spread over many congressional districts, are politically powerful, selfish and unscrupulous. The wool lobbies showed at the last session that they are willing and capable of wrecking our whole tariff structure.

There is another way in which opponents can strike at the principles of the Geneva agreement. These will be part of the charter of the International Trade Organization, a subsidiary of the UN, now being set up at a meeting in Havana. And Congress will have to approve the ITO charter either as a treaty (two-thirds of the Senate) or an executive agreement (majorities of both Houses). So the economic isolationists will get another chance to try their wrecking.

Freedom Train sped across the Mason-Dixon line this week with documents of democracy aboard. At all stops in Southern cities, Negroes and whites will file through the cars together. But at Memphis, Tennessee, and Hattiesburg, Mississippi, which insist on segregation, the train will just whistle and keep on rolling.



DRAWING BY MILLSTEIN

OLD GUARD LOSES

SALEM, ORE. (NR correspondent)

Purge. Efforts of Old Guard Democrats to purge a group of up and coming young progressives have plunged Oregon into the '48 campaign way ahead of time. A progressive revolt started last spring, when Young Democrats for the first time in years succeeded in taking control of the Central Committee away from the Old Guard machine. Then, more than 100 precinct chiefs announced they would place Henry Wallace's name on Oregon's May primary ballot for delegates to the national convention.

The Old Guard went to work to put down the revolt. Lew Wallace, the national committeeman, filed suit challenging the legality of last spring's election, and last week the state committee met to reconsider. The Old Guard concentrated its fire on State Secretary Clifford Hewlett, an outstanding young progressive leader. But when the votes were counted, Hewlett and the whole progressive slate had been reëlected.

THE FASCIST HUNT

Quietly. Don't expect any scary headlines about fascists in the government or movies when the House Un-American Activities Subcommittee on Fascism starts meeting in about 10 days.

Representative John McDowell (R, Pa.), chairman, told the *NR* last week that he had a "deadly fear of calling someone a fascist who is not a fascist." So, he said, the subcommittee will be especially careful to "smear" no one.

Last session, the same subcommittee was so careful that it met only once to determine policy. At that time another member of the group, Representative Richard B. Vail (R, Ill.), told a reporter: "I wouldn't know a Fascist if I had one by the tail."

"WILDEST HYSTERIA"

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

Alarum. Two weeks ago, the Communist Party of Maryland and the District of Columbia issued this statement:

"The FBI is preparing arrests in Baltimore and Washington over this weekend. The arrests are timed to coincide with the opening of Congress, and are designed to create the wildest kind of anti-Communist hysteria. Since Thursday, November 13, Communist headquarters at Park Avenue and Franklin Street [Baltimore] has been under surveillance by the FBI. Two cars have followed party leaders around in typical Gestapo manner.

"The recurrence of Palmer raids in American life will mark the temporary dominance of a semi-fascist government in America. The Communist Party calls upon all Baltimoreans, during this rededication week, to speak up now against the Himmlerlike arrests, should they occur this weekend."

They didn't.

CANADA'S DOLLAR SQUEEZE

Austerity. The world's desperate need for American dollars struck close to home last week as Canada, caught in the midst of a postwar dollar squeeze that assumed crisis proportions, announced drastic austerity measures. Among the restrictions imposed were:

- Import quotas on a long list of goods, many of which were supplied by the United States.
- Prohibition of imports of such items as radios, typewriters, automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, etc., from dollar countries.
- Reduction of the amount of Canadian currency which Canadians can have for travel (mostly in the United States) to $150 per year.
- A 25-percent excise tax on a wide range of consumer goods which contain material or parts manufactured in the United States.

The Canadian restrictions were announced at the same time that a $300 million credit to Canada was granted by the US Export-Import Bank. The purpose of the US loan was to finance Canada's needs for essential US raw materials and equipment and to prevent impairment of her effort to aid European recovery.

On-the-cuff boom. Canada's critical shortage of American dollars developed at a time when her exports to England and Western Europe were at

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The Communist Show of Strength

by Claire Neikind

ROME (by wireless)

IT WAS long past midnight and the ancient cobblestone streets of Perugia, perched high on a crag in the Apennines, were quiet and deserted. One lonely light burned from the *questura,* where a handful of *carabinieri,* officially alerted by a riot alarm spreading through Italy, sat nodding in their chairs. The night was almost over, and no breath of trouble had stirred the sleeping, chocolate-scented town.

Suddenly the commanding officer straightened at his desk. Drumming motors shattered the silence. Up a steep-walled road hugging the mountainside, a seemingly endless caravan of trucks was winding its way into the town.

Within 15 minutes all of Perugia was awake and the "invasion" was on. By 4:30 in the morning, 4,000 men carrying hammer-and-sickle banners and armed with machine guns and grenades had surrounded the city hall, occupied strategic public squares and thrown a cordon around police headquarters. The *carabinieri* inside, caught by surprise and heavily outnumbered, telephoned frantically for help which they knew was too far away.

At 5:30, as unexpectedly as they had come, the "invaders" piled into trucks and went away. No shot had been fired. No citizen had been touched. No explanatory word had been uttered. But no one in Perugia failed to get the point. A Communist "army" mustered from the rich Umbrian olive groves and wheat fields had demonstrated that it could take over Perugia if it wanted. Only, for the moment, apparently, the "army" didn't want to.

Most revealing. Perhaps more than any other of the hundreds of incidents—bomb throwings, party raids, strikes, shootings—that have rocked Italy during the past two weeks, this incident was significant.

Similarly, there was the uprising at Bitonto, near Bari, where the Communists took over the city hall for the night, then left voluntarily the next morning. There was the Roman transport strike when a tram worker was injured in a scuffle with the police. The strike was 100-percent solid and could have paralyzed Rome indefinitely, but it was called off within four hours.

There is a leaflet now circulating among Communist workers in Milan calling for mobilization around the old "program of April 25," the famous liberation day of 1945 when partisans shot and hanged Mussolini and Communists were called upon to set up factory Soviets. Communist leaders have let it be known to judiciously selected political circles here that the leaflet is making the rounds.

Not yet. Since last week's call from Communist Secretary Palmiro Togliatti to "go into the piazzas [the public squares] for the defense of democracy and the republic," the demonstrations have been going on with synchronized regularity. Economic slogans vary with the regions, but the political orientation is uniform. The demonstration begins with an attack on the Fascist and neo-Fascist headquarters, then turns against the seats of the Christian Democratic Party. When the demonstrators reach a certain point, almost invariably they are told by their leaders to go home.

The keenest political observers here are concluding from this that the Communists want the world to believe they are making a civil war, but actually they don't want to make it. At least, not yet.

an all-time high. Her European customers have been unable to pay for all of their Canadian imports in dollars or other "hard" currencies. Canada granted a $1,250 million loan to England after V-J Day, and England has used this balance to pay for about half of her trade deficit with Canada. Credits and part-payment agreements were made with other European customers.

The squeeze on Canada's supply of dollars from Europe came at the same time that her need for dollars to trade with the United States was growing. The high level of imports from the US, the drying up of American wartime buying in Canada and the rise in prices of US goods needed by the Canadian economy all combined to drain away Canada's dollars from $1.5 billion at the end of 1945 to $500 million at present.

Canada's austerity program is expected to have a serious effect on certain American exporters. The Marshall Plan, and the proposals in the Harriman Committee report making available that plan's dollars for European purchases in Canada, are expected to help Canada's dollar position. But with the United States moving slowly on an over-all European Recovery Program, the dominion government evidently felt that it had to clamp down on Canada's dollar expenses as a short-term emergency measure.

DRAWING BY GOODRICH

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ARMY'S NEW GAME—THE OLD ARMY GAME

MAJOR GENERAL MANTON S. EDDY, onetime commander of General George S. Patton Jr.'s crack XII Corps and now Chief of Information for the Army Department, has r'ared up and denounced a "rising wave of attacks" against the military, and the corps of officers in particular.

"These attacks are so sinister and so persistent," said General Eddy, "that they could eventually poison the minds of our people against their one stalwart guardian of freedom—the American military profession."

Officers "close to the General" told Washington correspondents these attacks could be laid squarely at the door of the Communists. Eddy's outburst against those who "dragged in the mud" the fair name of the Army came at a time when a Senate investigating committee was listening to the mud-splattered dealings of a ranking fellow officer, Major General Bennett E. Meyers, retired. Did Eddy mean that these Senate hearings should have been called off rather than let the General's muddied reputation be seen? And was it a Communist who besplattered Meyers?

The Eddy incident is not an isolated one. For some time now the military, backed by conservative groups, has been sounding off on the same theme: that criticism of the military forces is a Red plot to weaken US defenses.

Pipe down, there. When Robert Ruark, of United Features Syndicate, attacked Lieutenant General John C. H. Lee's administration in Italy this summer, one high-ranking staff officer suggested that the attack might be "Communist-inspired," remarking: "It might be worth investigating who is interested in knocking down our Army in times like these."

Taking up the cry, an editorial in the New York *Daily News* last summer concluded:

"Some of this adverse criticism of the 'military mind' is sincere, though uninformed. We're convinced, however, that a lot of it is coming these days from Communists and fellow travelers, for an obvious purpose."

Was Major General Ewart G. Plank Red-inspired when he told a War Department committee last year that the Army perpetuates a "mutual protective society" for officers, which ensures that they receive lighter punishment than the enlisted men?

Was Major General Ellard A. Walsh following the party line when, as president of the National Guard Association, he declared last April that the Army was putting "every conceivable obstacle" in the way of a speedy reorganization of the National Guard?

Nod from Stalin? Was the May issue of the *Reserve Officer* perhaps prepared in Moscow, because it charged that reserve officers appearing before Army retiring boards are treated as if facing a court martial—resulting in "bitterness and resentment against the War Department not soon to be forgotten"?

Was Senator Edwin C. Johnson (D, Colo.) getting the nod from Stalin last year when he declared that he would fight any proposal entrusting responsibility for American youths to the "brass hats"—who, he said, "would substitute sex training and guzzling for spiritual training, and moral stagnation for the development of a healthy, wholesome, self-reliant and energetic morale"?

Was Senator Edward V. Robertson (R, Wyo.) also being sparked by the Kremlin last May when he told the Army's G-3 chief, Major General Lauris Norstad, and the Navy's Vice Admiral F. P. Sherman that the data they had submitted to the Armed Forces Committee were "almost an insult to our intelligence"? Or can it be that the American people actually have a stake in this $11 billion-a-year defense setup?

If there is anything sinister going on in the American military sphere, it clearly involves not a Red attack upon the military but a military attack upon traditional American institutions. By hallowed American law and custom, no professional officer on active duty may attack the political beliefs and motivations of private citizens not under military jurisdiction. To contravene this doctrine is to awaken traditional Anglo-Saxon suspicion of the military as the right arm of authoritarianism.

It is time for hard-riding General Eddy and his colleagues to catch up on their constitutional reading. They might also take a look at the Supreme Court decision in the Baumgartner v. US case—a case used to protect the civil rights of pro-German citizens in both wars. It reads:

"One of the prerogatives of American citizenship is the right to criticize public men and public measures—and that means not only informed and responsible criticism, but the freedom to speak foolishly and without moderation. . . . It would be foolish to deny that even blatant intolerance toward some of the presuppositions of the democratic faith may not imply rooted belief in our system of government."

Top Secret. Lately, the obscurantist forces in and around the Army have gone ahead from mere talk to action. Basic action really began in 1945, when the Army introduced a new version of its AR 380-5—the Army Regulation on "Safeguarding Military Information."

In the old regulation, information was "classified" only if its disclosure could harm the US militarily. But in the new regulation, "classified" was extended to protect "national prestige" and to save individuals and agencies from "embarrassment."

This fall the Army has led a drive to foist the new AR 380-5 upon the whole government executive establishment—military and civilian alike. The drive has been heavily counterattacked. Representative George H. Bender (R, Ohio)—who has never been charged with being a Communist cardholder—has characterized the proposals as a "flagrant attempt to gag the public and give it only that information which the Administration feels it should have."

There is some indication that the

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Army rank and file has responded to the cue given by the higher echelons. Last October 11, a Captain Levine of the First Army Military Police disguised himself as a sergeant and tried to arrest six civilians in a Brooklyn apartment on charges of "inciting military personnel." When New York City police pointed out that there was no such offense, Captain Levine thought maybe the "subversive talk" his Army agents had heard at the party would constitute "attempted disorderly conduct." When Police Lieutenant Butler didn't think it did, Levine departed the police station with an ominous-sounding consolation for his aides: "Well, men, this is very good experience." Experience in preparation for what?

When you come right down to it, the threat of obscurantism and intimidation is even more dangerous within the armed forces than outside them. The "you-Red-you" charge is ideal for suppressing bright young officers who study Russian military affairs and believe that we should adapt our techniques accordingly. Small-minded officer-bureaucrats, known as "security officers," play games of cops-and-robbers and hide-and-seek—games that would be called silly if they did not terrorize their own hard-working soldier and civilian staffs.

The Maginot mind. To go overboard on "security" in peacetime is to choke the operating staffs with security agencies and red tape. It is Maginotitis and the doctrine of the defensive all over again—the sort of defensive-mindedness that lost the war for France.

With the generals and their conservative civilian backers hitting at every critic as Red-inspired; with the forces tieing up their operations in "I-spy" red tape, US forces are hoping to arrange for themselves a comfortable dotage in which mediocrity can triumph.

Meanwhile, by scaring anxious liberals and staid Republicans alike with attempts to interfere with civilian functions, the Army brass is dangerously alienating the people who support it. P. M.

You Have Invaded My Country

by Salvadore Ocampo

GABRIEL GONZALEZ VIDELA, President of the Republic of Chile, recently called out the army, the navy and the airforce to break a strike of 17,000 coal miners. Simultaneously, he arrested various union leaders as "foreign agents" and broke off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. He then called on all American nations to follow his example.

Yet President Gonzalez Videla, on whose orders almost the entire armed might of Chile went into action against striking miners, was elected by a progressive coalition, pledged to support a platform almost exactly the opposite of the program he is now carying out. He was elected by the votes of the very coal miners against whom he used armed force. Without their votes, he would still be a small-time politician. Why the change, the makeshift character of which is cynically acknowledged even in Chilean governmental circles?

No "red plot." For many years, as former secretary of the Chilean Federation of Labor, as a member of the Chamber of Deputies and as a senator, I worked actively to better conditions in the coal fields. In the recent presidential campaign, I worked hard for candidate Gonzalez Videla. The Chilean coal strike, which President Gonzalez Videla blames on "Russian" or "Yugoslav agents," was not the result of some sudden outburst of frenzy or of some "secret plot." On the contrary, it was part of a legal, routine process.

In Chile, when a labor contract expires, unions and employers negotiate a new one. If they cannot immediately agree, they call in the Tribunal of Conciliation and Arbitration. If there is still no agreement, then, as Chilean law provides, the union sets the day when it will go on strike. When that day comes, if an agreement has not yet been reached, the union must go on strike. If it does not go on strike it will automatically lose the right to press its demands further.

The original dispute was the result of some of the most shameful working conditions anywhere in the world.

Legal serfdom. The wage of Chilean miners is 31 pesos—about 98 cents—for a day of about 10 hours. Miners have no sanitary facilities and very few medical facilities. Their living quarters are crowded beyond description. There are few safety measures, and some miners spend as much as two hours going to and from the mine entrance and the diggings—without receiving a centavo for their time.

In the Lota fields, which employ the most men, 4,277 miners make 30 to 31 pesos a day. Of the more than 10,000 employed there, fewer than 1,400 get as much as 40 pesos a day. The situation is similar, or worse, in the other fields, almost all of which are owned by Wall Street firms, except for the Schwager mines, where a degree of mechanization has been introduced.

In the mining camps, an average of more than five persons jam every tiny room. The "hot bed" of Harlem is no novelty. When the first shift goes to work, the second takes over the cots. Sometimes the whole family has to sleep in the same cot.

In these settlements, tuberculosis and silicosis are the rule rather than the exception. Diseases and infections of all kinds are everywhere. Accidents on the job occur not just once or twice a day—*there is an average of 20 accidents every 24 hours!*

The Lota fields are typical so far as working conditions are concerned. During the first eight months of 1947, there were 4,650 accidents on the job. Since the working population of these fields is slightly more than 10,000, almost 50 percent of the Lota miners—*one man out of every two*—met with an accident during this eight-month period.

When Chilean President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla sent the army, the

Salvadore Ocampo, former secretary of the Chilean Federation of Labor, is a member of the Chilean Senate.

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navy and the airforce against Chilean coal miners legally on strike, he was using his powers to suppress the very workers whom he had promised to help.

Chile's real masters. He was also serving certain foreign companies, with names like Anaconda Copper, Bethlehem Steel, Braden Copper, Anglo-Chilean Nitrate, and Lautaro Corporation. These are not the names of Chilean companies; they are the names of the masters of Chile.

Shortly after his election, President Gonzalez Videla's aide, Guillermo del Pedregal, was sent to Washington to sound out the possibilities of a loan for Chilean industrial development and to interest US capital in investments.

Pedregal came back with empty hands. Washington, he reported, said that Chile should first pay off the foreign debt contracted by the Ibanez dictatorship. Moreover, Washington could not see its way clear to lend money to a government with Communists in its cabinet. The Communist Party is the third largest in Chile, and as members of the progressive coalition which elected Gonzalez Videla, the Communists obtained their proper proportion in the cabinet—for a while.

After Pedregal had been turned down, Gonzalez Videla tried again. Chile had just discovered huge oil fields in the south. The Chilean government formally requested a loan from the Export-Import Bank in Washington to develop these fields.

Back came the reply: The Export-Import Bank didn't have any money. However, it felt that Chile might be able to interest various private oil companies, such as Standard Oil, in developing the fields. The Bank's suggestion was rejected, but it gave President Gonzalez Videla an idea. At that time, we were building a big new smelter in the city of Concepción which would be the key to Chile's industrialization program. There was no money to finish it. We needed at least $20 million. US capitalists were asked to finance the job.

They said okay—on condition that the coke used in the smelters be imported from the United States at the rate of 70,000 tons a year; that US capitalists have control over all technicians, with the right to shift them to any other job at any time; and that Bethlehem Steel, which operates the distant Tofo Mines, should supply all the ore—at a net loss of $800,000 yearly for the smelters.

Terms of sale. By this time, however, Wall Street began to see great opportunities in Chile. A representative of Anaconda Copper interests interviewed government officials. He pointed out that American capital could do big things for Chile, if only it could be guaranteed a cheap and submissive labor supply and freedom from burdensome taxes. He said he did not see how this could be guaranteed, so long as both the Chilean government and the Chilean Federation of Labor had Communists in top positions.

There followed the polite ouster of the Communist ministers from the Chilean cabinet, and not long afterwards a really furious attack against the Chilean Federation of Labor. The use of armed force against the coal miners was merely a high point in this attack. Chileans began to say openly that President Gonzalez Videla had finally decided to make himself—and Chile—over in the image of Wall Street.

Back to slavery. The progressive coalition in Chile came to an end, so far as the Gonzalez Videla government was concerned. The old enemies of the Chilean people—native feudalism and foreign imperialism—once again took the reins. Once more the people of Chile were called on to serve two masters—their own feudal lords and the much more powerful combines made up of foreign capital.

Their freedom had never been great. In 1940 the United States had an investment in Chile of $600 million—more than $100 for every man, woman and child in the country. Since the war that investment has increased. Other nations, mainly the British, had an investment in 1940 of $475 million.

Our mines and our nitrate deposits are controlled largely by Wall Street capital. All industrial life in Chile tends to revolve around foreign investments.

Our own feudal lords are in turn the serfs of Wall Street—although they are favorite serfs and get the richest leavings from the feast. The people of Chile get only the leavings of the leavings, the scraps of the scraps. And they are not numerous. Here is an example.

An average Chilean farm worker gets 12 cents a day, figuring 31 pesos to a dollar. At the value of the peso

WOODCUT BY FRASCONI

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as determined by the black market—50 to $1—the real wage of the farm worker becomes eight cents a day. Yet prices of many articles of food and clothing, including basic necessities, are higher in Chile than in the United States.

President Gonzales Videla, allied with American big-money interests and Chile's native feudalists, is now fighting to preserve the miserable economic condition of Chile's mine, factory and field workers: conditions he was elected to correct. Chile's President has not proved strong enough to fight on the side of the people against foreign and native reaction. Instead, he has sided with the powerful, intrenched groups, who required nothing of him but submission.

Submission, however, is something that the Chilean people, despite bitter centuries of exploitation, have never learned to accept.

HENRY WALLACE

Universal Military Training

LIBERAL-MINDED, peace-loving Americans must begin to organize their forces for successful opposition to the plan for Universal Military Training. This bill (HR 4278) is on the agenda for the regular session of Congress. Effective, concentrated work will be necessary to defeat it.

If passed, the bill will take at least a year out of the life of every American boy when he reaches the age of 18. It has the active support of the President, former Justice Roberts, Governors Thomas E. Dewey and Earl Warren, William Randolph Hearst and the American Legion—to name but a few. The bill is more dangerous to American democracy than the Un-American Activities Committee, with all its threats to our civil liberties.

This bill could be the entering wedge to military fascism in the US. Fully carried out, it will cost at least $1.75 billion a year. If it is military security we want, we can get far more for our money in some other way. If it is the welfare of our people we want, we can spend $1.75 billion annually in ways that will give us hundredfold greater satisfaction.

Widely advertised as education in democracy, the bill is precisely the opposite. There is little that is democratic about our armed forces, with their authoritarian practices and emphasis on unquestioning obedience. There is still far too much segregation and discrimination. The armed forces are not equipped to teach many of the aspects of self-discipline and individual responsibility, which are democratic essentials. There is nothing democratic about the caste system under which they operate.

The proposed bill affects our boys and their families in these ways:

At 17 every boy has to register. At 18 he is drafted. Every boy, except the conscientious objectors, would be forced to spend six months in training camps, at the end of which he would be given the "choice" of continuing for another six months in the camp or enlisting in the National Guard, or Organized Reserves, or Enlisted Reserve Corps, for such period as the President may prescribe, or participating in other designated military programs.

Under the bill, boys who receive government aid for their tuition have to agree to serve in the armed forces after graduation for as long as the President may direct. Local boards are to keep a record of every boy for a period of six years after completion of the first military-training phase. For the first time in the history of the United States the federal government will be in a position to demand to know where every young man is and what he is doing.

There is nothing in the bill to prevent racial discrimination and segregation. If a boy commits a minor misdeed, his commanding officer punishes him. For more serious offenses he is tried by a court of five officers. If a boy strikes or threatens an officer, he is subject to a fine of $2,000, or a year's imprisonment, or both. If an officer strikes a boy, there is no recourse except complaint to the commanding officer. If a boy deserts, anyone who harbors him is subject to a fine of $2,000, or two years' imprisonment, or both. In self-defense, every parent will have to ask the boy when he shows up at home: "Son, are you a deserter?"

One reason Europeans came to the US during the last century was the intense desire to get away from this kind of military training. Millions of our best citizens are descended from men who left Germany, Russia and France in opposition to such training and all that it implies.

The greatest sin in the Army is original thinking. The greatest virtue is complete and unquestioning conformity. Military life is inevitably wasteful of supplies,

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money and manpower. It stifles creative thinking. At this moment it may be true that some youths should be subjected to the authoritarian discipline of Army life, but to expose a million new young men each year to this deadly, stultifying approach to the problems of life will weaken the influence of the US as a great creative nation.

Those who advocate UMT claim that the surest road to peace is to arm to the teeth. They claim that the US is now weak, from a military point of view, and that it can contribute to everlasting peace only by building up overwhelming military strength. President Truman has often said that the greatest mistake the US made after World War I was to enter into the five-power agreement on naval limitation. He has certainly done little to forward effective agreement for the limitation of arms after this war.

At the present time each great nation is spending as much money in a *day* on its army and navy as all the nations together are spending each *year* to build the UN and find the road to peace.

Intensified armament races are the greatest threat to the UN—and a strong UN is still our greatest hope for peace. As long as any nation, including our own, feels that its protection lies in arms, we cannot develop a predominant authority in the UN. Without that authority the UN cannot grow.

The United States is certainly not weak. It is incomparably the strongest military power in the world, with a navy greater than all the other navies in the world put together. We are not threatened. Russia certainly has no intention of attacking the United States. She wouldn't be able to, even if she wanted to, for at least a decade. But every effort on our part to increase our armaments will undoubtedly cause the Russians to prepare themselves against what they believe is our intent to attack. Our loans to Greece and Turkey, our air bases in Greenland and our parades of naval strength in the Mediterranean heighten their suspicions.

In their excellent book, *Your Newspaper,* nine American newspapermen quote Mrs. LaFell Dickinson on the Russian fear of attack. In the summer of 1946, Mrs. Dickinson, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, returned to Washington after a month's tour of Russia. She said: "The Russians are scared to pieces that we will attack them. . . . They are living in dire terror of an American attack—an attack which is being fomented by American newspapers and radio."

UMT will not bring understanding with Russia, but on the contrary will make it more probable that sooner or later we shall go to war with Russia.

And, of course, thinking purely from the economic point of view, we cannot forget the inflationary aspects of UMT taken in conjunction with the already huge appropriations for the Army and Navy and for military aid overseas, such as the expenditures for Greece and Turkey. The cold war bids fair to cost us from $15 to $20 billion annually, or two to three times the federal budget before the war. It is the huge cost of this cold war which partly explains the 60 million jobs we now have. They are not a result of sound planning for peaceful production, but are chiefly a continued dose of the result of wartime prosperity, for which we are increasingly paying the penalty of ever growing wartime inflation. UMT will add very materially to this war type of inflation, not only because of its enormous cost, but because it will subtract from the productive power of our people. For these reasons, the whole military orientation of the US under the bipartisan policy inevitably threatens a galloping inflation.

The reactionary financial crowd that used to criticize Roosevelt and the New Deal so vociferously for spending a few hundred millions for the WPA or the TVA or soil conservation—the men who saw inflation in every constructive act—now eagerly press forward with appropriations many times as large for destructive purposes. Only strong action by the special session can prevent a further drastic increase in prices.

At this crucial time in world history, in which once again war is threatened, it is no part of the responsibility of progressives to instruct the military on how

"Mother, never let me hear you tell the children that human beings are descended from us."

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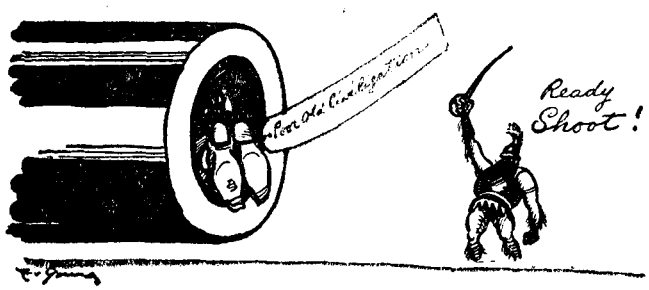

DRAWINGS BY ART YOUNG, FROM "BEST OF ART YOUNG," THE VANGUARD PRESS

to fight the next war. All our energies must be devoted to strengthening the United Nations until it is a force capable of preventing war by its own action. Nevertheless, in the years before the United Nations gains that power, and world disarmament is accomplished, it is obvious that the Americans will seek some means of national security. From this point of view, UMT is as much out of place in the US of 1948 as the Maginot Line was out of place in the France of 1936. Our national security—if there can be national security today —would consist of a highly mobile striking force capable of getting into action at once, in terms of planes, guided missiles and a small army very highly trained in the most modern techniques. The 18-year-olds, even though they were trained for two years, could not do this kind of work. UMT would give us a false sense of military superiority. It would be much better to spend a fraction of the billions required for UMT on a smaller number of continuously, and highly, trained men who know precisely what both atomic and bacteriological warfare mean.

The War Department has been conducting an intensive propaganda campaign to line up Congress behind UMT. A special committee of Congress on publicity and propaganda issued a report last July criticizing the lobbying by the Army for UMT. It said: "Your committee, therefore, reports its firm conclusion that, on the basis of the evidence at hand, the War Department, its personnel and civilian employees have gone beyond the limits of their proper duty in providing factual information to the people and the Congress and have engaged in propaganda supported by taxpayers' money to influence legislation now pending before the Congress."

A Mr. Alan Coutts and a Mrs. Arthur Woods, using War Department money, toured the country to set up pressure-group organizations. Mrs. Woods circulated a film prepared and distributed by the War Department at a cost of $50,000. This film was called "Plan for Peace," but it was actually propaganda for UMT. Mrs. Woods worked closely with former Justice Owen Roberts in forming his Citizens' Emergency Committee for UMT (Peace through Preparedness). The War Department has a division, known as the Women's Interests Unit, which maintains a special mailing list of 3,000 women leaders in every section of the US. One of its prime objects is to get out publicity to the women. The War Department is intelligent enough to know that the instinctive reaction of American women is against UMT, so at the expense of the taxpayer it puts on this special drive to win the women.

The vote on UMT is one of the best illustrations of how deceptive polls may be unless they are followed up scientifically to find out what the people really think, when all alternatives are considered. When you ask the voters of the US whether they think it would be a good thing for 18-year-olds to have a year of military training, three out of four say "yes." When the question is changed and people are asked whether it would be better to spend $1.75 billion on education or on military training, the answers of all those who have a definite opinion come in two to one for education rather than compulsory military training. Most of those polled favor a world police force that would be bigger than the army of any nation, including the US. If the vote is confined to those who had even so much as a year of college, the vote is four to one in favor of a world police force against overwhelming armaments.

You cannot lick something with nothing. You cannot stop UMT without putting something better before the American people. First, we must convince the American people that there can be no real security until war itself is abolished. The full weight of the American people must be on the side of universal disarmament and the building up of a world police force. The UN must be strengthened by channeling all international disputes through the organization. The US must use its economic power and technology to help all nations, firm in the belief that there is just one way to move forward, and that is to use our resources to improve the health, education, diet and housing standards of people everywhere. UMT will retard development of the United Nations and a world police force. It will encourage an arms race.

Every liberal group in the United States must organize to bring pressure to bear upon Congress to stop UMT. Every church group that believes in the message of Christ or the prophecies of Isaiah and Micah should organize for this purpose. Passing or failing to pass UMT may well prove to be the single most decisive action determining whether we are on a point of entering into a period of universal peace or universal chaos.

The people of the US really believe in traditional Americanism. They are for peace and they will express themselves in no uncertain terms if the issues are presented to them clearly. H. W.

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PICKETS + NEIGHBORS = HOMES FOR VETS

by Tyler Brooke

LOS ANGELES

FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, a formidable combination of bankers and contractors has been planting booby traps in the path of a thousand Los Angeles veterans who are campaigning for nothing more sinister than homes for themselves and their families. Despite these obstacles, the vets are going to reach their objective. They will get new homes this winter because an aroused community came to their support.

It was not an easy victory. Until a few months ago, the vets were the perennial underdogs in a heartbreaking struggle. They had hired lawyers, paraded in picket lines and passed out mountains of handbills; but all this had gotten them nowhere.

The vets finally put the case up to their neighbors.

They asked this question: If an ex-serviceman can't build a house under the laws designed to help him do so, what citizen can? When the townspeople got the idea, they mopped up.

"Operation Fireside" began in January, 1946, when a delegation of vets in new civvies called on Sam Bialac, vice-president of the Culver City Housing Corporation. After shaking everybody's hand, Bialac told the vets that he could put up houses for them within six months. He explained that the CCHC's parent concern, Myers Brothers Construction Company, had plenty of building supplies and was ready to construct 1,000 homes costing from $8,500 to $10,000, including sites.

Slowdown. The vets signed on the dotted line. The Santa Monica (California) branch of the Bank of America agreed to finance the project, and the Veterans' Administration guaranteed the building loans under the GI Bill of Rights. Construction began almost immediately.

As the applications of more and more vets came pouring in, however, Myers Brothers grew less and less enthusiastic. Work on the houses slowed down until, nine months later, the carpenters, plumbers and plasterers had vanished from the scene and weeds were shooting up through the subflooring of the half-finished buildings.

A few fruitless visits with Bialac, now evasive and pessimistic, convinced the vets they were getting the runaround. So they organized an Association of Veteran Home Buyers and talked to Bialac's superior, Ray Myers, president of Myers Brothers. Myers was very sorry, but that story about plenty of building materials was all a regrettable error; there were none to be had, and that was that.

Shoddy job. Since Myers was pouring vast quantities of allegedly scarce supplies into non-essential construction, this explanation did not sit well with the vets. They handed out bitterly worded leaflets and threw a picket line around some of the Myers Brothers building projects. This needled the contractor into "completing" a few houses.

When the veterans examined the supposedly finished units, however, they discovered 80 departures from specifications, all passed by the building inspectors. Among other less noticeable defects, these dream houses sported curving walls, slanting windows, paint that curled up like cornflakes, and falling plaster.

Despite their shortcomings, the new houses were better than none; 38 members of the vets' association who had no place else to go, moved in and began making regular payments to the bank. They refused to sign Notices of Completion, however, and instructed the bank to withhold final payment from the builder until he remedied the defects.

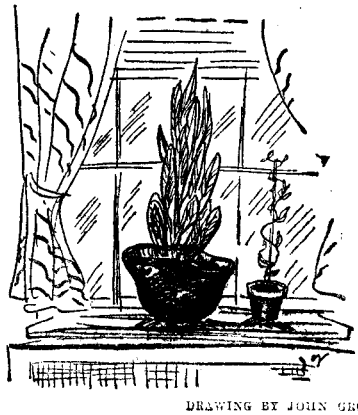
Ralph Lamb, the bank's branch manager, replied by threatening to foreclose on the veterans' loans. Contractor Myers chimed in too. "I'm so sick of veterans I don't know what to do," he complained. Nevertheless, he did do something. He filed eviction notices against the 38 veterans who had moved into the houses.

At this point, the association turned to the Veterans' Administration for help, got nothing but the Army's traditional "I haven't got the authority, etc." from Colonel W. W. Vickery. But one association member who worked in a Los Angeles bank found a copy of a VA order signed by Vickery himself, which gave the vets unexpected ammunition. The order stipulated that the VA should require banks to withhold sufficient funds from the builder to pay for the correction of all deviations from specifications.

This refusal of the VA to enforce its own order seemed to the veterans to be a matter for the community. The association rented a hall and called an open hearing on veterans' housing.

The turnout amazed even the most optimistic vets. Delegates from all over the sprawling west side of Los Angeles converged on the auditorium; included in the capacity audience were representatives of the Kiwanis Club, the Rotary Club, labor unions, veterans' organizations and committees of other dissatisfied home seekers. By the time the meeting was over, the community had formally adopted the veterans' cause as its own.

Myers Brothers caught on quickly. Eviction notices were suddenly canceled, and the company actually handed the veterans $7,500 as a partial repayment for their expenditures in the long struggle. The Bank of America stopped muttering about foreclosures. And, most important, the carpenters and plumbers and plasterers went back to work.



DRAWING BY JOHN GROTH

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TO BUILD A NATION

Because their strength is needed, hundreds of young Americans are giving up their US citizenship to emigrate to Palestine

by Donald W. Craig

IN THE WINDSWEPT BARNYARD of a Cream Ridge, New Jersey, farm, Audrey Grossman, a 21-year-old filing clerk from Saint Paul, Minnesota, was trying to scrape a five years' accumulation of dirt from an old haybaler.

Audrey worked with a kitchen knife, a wire brush and a can of kerosene. Her stubby figure was bundled up in two flannel shirts and a pair of overalls. Her hands and face were spotted with oil and dried mud. As she dug into the messy machinery's gears and corners, she hummed a tune from "Oklahoma!"

Beyond Audrey's barnyard, a lanky ex-Seabee named Mordecai Schwefel drove a tractor, with a plow in tow, up and down the winter-hardened New Jersey fields. Inside the big farmhouse Matilda Schwefel, Mordecai's bride of eight months and a former Philadelphia art student, bent over sheets of notes at a table, figuring out a week's meals for 40 people. In nearby buildings and fields, young men and women from Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Duluth and a dozen other American communities candled and polished eggs, killed chickens, cleaned the cowshed and chopped wood against the winter's need.

A name to gargle. The 120-acre farm where these activities took place —and where similar activities are taking place today—has a special kind of name. It's called "Hechalutz," and you have to gargle over the "ch." "Hechalutz" is a Hebrew word—not Yiddish, but the Hebrew of the Old Testament. It means "Pioneer."

There are other Hechalutz farms: near Hightstown (New Jersey), Poughkeepsie (New York), Smithville (Ontario) and San Diego (California). On all but the San Diego farm—which is not yet open for trainees—young Jewish American men and women are purposefully turning themselves into Palestinians. They are Zionists, preparing for immigration to the land of their forefathers.

The belief that Palestine offers the only possible permanent home for the 4,000-year-old culture of the Hebrews has become the central fact of their lives.

Young frontiersmen. The pioneers, or *halutzim,* as they call themselves, grew up with the usual interests of young Americans: dates, the movies, new clothes, personal comfort and success. They are voluntarily and eagerly sloughing these off and taking on the characteristics of frontiersmen and nation-builders. And they are doing it themselves—Hechalutz is a worldwide organization, but is operated everywhere by young people.

On the Cream Ridge farm there is no one over 25 except a teacher of Hebrew. None of the *halutzim* has been there more than 16 months, and only a few had worked previously on the land. Yet they cultivate some 90 acres of field crops and vegetables, take care of 16 head of cattle and 3,700 laying hens and chicks, and operate the biggest household egg route in Trenton, 12 miles away.

In the past five years, pioneers at Cream Ridge have built, without outside help, a new barn, a new machinery shed and two modern chicken houses—all professional jobs. They market their produce, buy their supplies, do their own cooking, housekeeping and maintenance. On the side they operate a radio-repair shop.

Their expenses for this year will total $53,000. Of this sum, the farm will earn approximately $43,000. Seven thousand dollars of the remainder will come from donations, the rest from outside work on neighboring farms and in Trenton.

Even more remarkable than their economic achievements is the fact that these pioneers are successfully practising a form of communal living which idealists have dreamed of for centuries.

All property on the Hechalutz farms is held in common except a few items of personal clothing and belongings. The general organization, which is the group itself, supplies the material wants of everybody—farm, clothes, food, cash. The pride of possession, position and privilege has in large measure been replaced by values depending on an individual's ability to get along with the group and contribute to it.

At the Hightstown farm, to offer a single example, there used to be an allowance for everyone of 53 cents a month. They gave up the system because most of the companions were not using their allotments.

If Hechalutz were something new, one might pass it off as a temporary venture of moon-struck youth. But the Hechalutz organization, designed to train young Jews who wanted to emigrate to Palestine, was started during World War I. Its first international convention was held in Danzig in 1924. There were 240,000 members

Donald W. Craig, former Philadelphia newspaperman, wrote "A Trust Is Dented" and "It Pays to Work for Free" for the New Republic.

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in Europe alone before World War II.

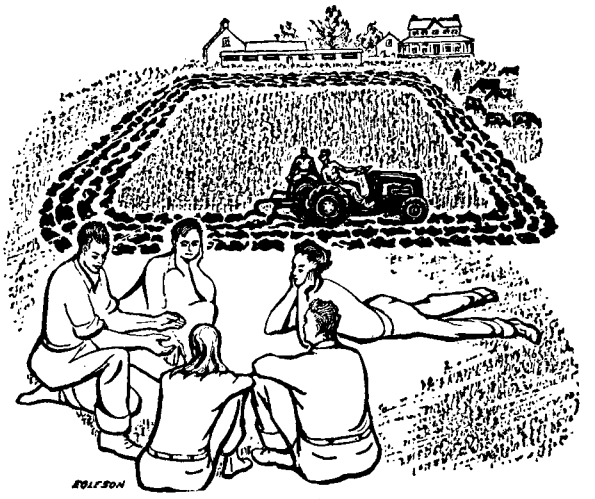
Many of the hundreds of collective farms in Palestine today were established by former American members of Hechalutz. The Cream Ridge training unit has been operating successfully since 1937, the Hightstown farm since 1941.

Contrast this record with those of earlier "Utopias." Brook Farm—the experiment in communal living founded by George Ripley with the help of Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne—lasted from 1841 to 1847. The Helicon Home Colony in Englewood, New Jersey, fathered by Upton Sinclair and patronized by Sinclair Lewis, John Dewey and William James, expired after a year, in 1907. Both were abandoned when fire destroyed their main buildings.

Yet after a fire last February which burned the main dwelling at the Hechalutz Hightstown farm to the basement, the boys and girls resettled themselves in a neighbor's cellar, in Army tents, in a room partitioned off from the chicks in the brooder house, and went on working the farm. They are rebuilding the dwelling, and hope to move back into it later this winter.

American underground. When their training on one of the Hechalutz farms is completed, American *halutzim* wait, usually in their American homes, while arrangements to transport them to Palestine are completed. Because of the British ban on Jewish immigration, most emigrants from this country travel to the Holy Land by a difficult and dangerous "underground" route similar to that which is used by Jews trying to escape from Europe. The details of the American route cannot be revealed, since, although the UN Special Committee recommended admission of Jews to Palestine, the British ban is still in force.

Once in Palestine, Audrey, Mordecai, Matilda and the others will undergo a training program tougher than that at Cream Ridge. They then face a lifetime of slogging toil and uncertain security. The Holy Land is not flowing with milk and honey any more. Around the Dead Sea, earlier Jewish pioneers are washing the earth, yard by yard, acre by acre, to drain enough salt from it to make crops grow. Elsewhere, Jewish blood soaks into the ground, released by the guns of Arabs, British and terrorist compatriots alike.



What prompts these young American men and women to leave their families, their security and their prospects in the United States for a future which they know will be rocky, at best? This question was in my mind throughout my visits to Cream Ridge and Hightstown; I put it to Audrey Grossman as she dug at the haybaler with her wire brush, the bitter wind tearing at our backs. Audrey stepped back and rubbed the sweat from her eyes, hesitating. Explaining things was not her forte.

"Well," she said, "I've always wanted to go to Palestine—as long as I've known anything about it. This is one step toward it. It's certainly better than reading pamphlets and going to Zionist meetings."

Jack Stateman, another pioneer at Cream Ridge, expressed it a different way. Jack is a 25-year-old New Yorker who knows the underside of American life. He had to go to work at the age of seven, after school, and has been a glazier, a farm worker, a baker's helper, a concessionaire in a dance hall. While serving with the Third Army from England to the Elbe he had a good look at the concentration camps.

"I'm not very confident about the future," Jack said. "I saw too much in Europe. After what happened to the Jews there, I can't be sure it won't happen here. I'm in this thing for basic security. If I don't work and fight for it now, I won't have a clear conscience about rearing children who might have to face the kind of social exclusion I've seen.

"If Zionism can prove a good thing in Palestine," Jack went on, "others may copy it, or adapt it to their conditions. If it gives the common man more sense of security, and spreads around a general spirit of coöperation rather than competition, it should even help avoid war."

No parroting. I heard this sort of thing from everyone I spoke with at Hightstown and Cream Ridge. Those young pioneers weren't parroting teachers or pamphlets. They were talking about the conditions of their lives.

It was Marvin Margolis, however, a former University of Michigan undergraduate, who expressed the underlying sentiment of the farms and of the movement most clearly.

"Palestine needs healthy, young workers today," he told me. "The DP's—the people who have been through concentration camps—aren't strong enough to be a driving force or to produce the nuclei for colonization. They are worn down psychologically as well as physically. We Americans are the only vigorous Jewish youth left in the world. The worse it gets in Palestine, the more important it is for us to go over and pitch in."

Despite the persuasiveness of their arguments, Audrey, Jack and Marvin are in a tiny, if courageous minority. There are only about 1,500 members of Hechalutz among the 5.5 million Jews in the United States. The ratio is particularly low when scaled against the increase in prejudice toward the Jews (see Bruce Bliven's articles in past and future issues of the *New Republic* on the growing anti-Semitism in the United States).

The average young American Jew,

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like the average young American Gentile, seems to be content to grow up in the pattern of life he knows and trusts. Although the majority of Jewish Americans support the ideal of a Jewish state, they would no more think of emigrating to Palestine than the average Irish American who supported De Valera's rebellion thought of emigrating to Ireland. As a Zionist executive told me, Hechalutz appeals to that small minority who are so idealistic or have been so intensely provoked that they are willing to give up something they admit is good for something they hope will be better.

Young alumni. Organically, Hechalutz can be defined as a federation of the "alumni" of three Zionist youth groups: *Plugat Aliyah,* the "group for going up"; *Habonim,* "the builders"; and *Hashomer Hatzair,* "Young Watchman." Each has its separate social ideology, but the members of all three are steeped in Zionist idealism. Jewish boys and girls as young as 10 years old can join these organizations.

After reaching 18, "graduates" of the youth organizations may join Hechalutz and, when there are openings, may go to one of the farms for training. All new *chaverim* (friends) are on probation for two months. At the end of this period a majority vote admits them to full membership into the *chevra* (group).

Membership obligates them to complete their training period of a year or more, if they wish to retain their connection with Hechalutz. Three weeks after arriving at the farm, they deposit whatever money they have left either in the farm's general fund, or in a private immigration fund for use in getting them to Palestine.

Administration on the farms is divided among committees, or *vaadot.* These make their reports to the membership at the weekly *chevra* meetings. A *sadran,* or coördinator, elected for six months, superintends the whole thing. The general spirit of the farms is indicated by the fact that there is no competition or campaigning for this head position. The ability of the candidates is the deciding factor in elections, since the group knows the organization may fall to pieces without an efficient guiding hand.

The Hebrew names which identify everything at Cream Ridge from the cows to the committees help the trainees learn the language of Palestine. They are also part of the program to impregnate all *chaverim* with the spirit of the nation they are to join. Many have adopted Hebrew names. Matilda has become "Matia"; Maurice and Marvin, "Moshe"; Isaac and Irving, "Yitzchak." Each *chaver* has a scheduled period of time off from his or her farm duties to study Hebrew with a resident tutor.

And no *chaver,* no matter what his previous estate, enjoys any special privilege.

Everyone—girls, men, the children of well-to-do businessmen and of laborers—dresses alike. Most of the time the *chaverim* wear rough dungarees, flannel shirts, sweaters, overalls and heavy work shoes. There are no special hair-do's, no lipstick (for farm use, at least), no expensive hats, shoes or sport jackets.

Everyone also gets the same food. It is frequently bad, for a good reason. As a boy at the Hightstown farm told me, "Here we have to live through all kinds of cooking, because everyone has to learn to cook. If a trainee can't cook well, we don't eat well, that's all."

And everyone does the same work. Sooner or later, men and girls alike take their turns at washing dishes, cleaning out the cow shed, milking, hoeing, weeding and harvesting, and operating the laundry. All get up at 6:30 in winter and 5:30 in summer—except those who must rise earlier still to milk cows or start the egg route for the day.

Brahms and chess. A rough, crude life? No more so than any farmer's. Once the day's work is done, the work clothes are discarded for clean shirts, slacks or skirts, bright sweaters, housedresses. Externally, at least, the *halutzim* are cosmopolitan Americans again.

Every evening is devoted to a number of activities by different groups. On one of the evenings when I was at Cream Ridge, a choir was practising in the dining room, and a playlet was being rehearsed in a small room beyond it. In the big common room some of the boys and girls sat reading. Others talked over the day's news or politics, or listened to some Brahms recordings. Two boys lay on the floor brooding over a chess board.

When the symphony and the chess

DRAWINGS BY EGLESON

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game had ended, a girl tuned in dance music on the radio, and two couples kicked back the rug and jitterbugged. In a corner a group whispered over plans for a surprise birthday party for one of the girls.

Toward the end of the evening some of the group began singing a vigorous Hebrew song. Others took it up, and as it rang through the room, I felt, without understanding the words, the excitement and passion of the strong rhythms:

Zemer, Zemer Lach,
Zemer Lach Mechorati, etc.

It was the "Song of the Negev," I learned later. Although composed a generation ago, it has held a special place in Zionist hearts since last year. The Negev is a barren part of South Palestine, which the British planned to take over for military installations. On a single night, the night of October 6, 1946, a civilian army of Jews swept through the region, set up 11 new colonies, and in the morning defied the British to remove them. They are still there. In translation the song begins something like this:

A song, a song to you,
My motherland.
Your mountains will rejoice,
The dance of the Hora will storm over the plains,
A thousand flowers will instantly cover the face of the desert.

In the comfortable living room at Cream Ridge, the American-looking group sang another song—the "Song of Aliya Bet" (Illegal Immigration). An English translation would go:

It doesn't matter why you came, or where you came from,
Just so long as you are on this deck.
Our ship has no cannon,
But she is still a ship of war.
She is bringing an army of pioneers,
To raise up from its foundations
A future for our people.

It was impossible not to feel, as the singing died away, that Marvin and Jack and Matilda and Audrey would get to Palestine—power politics notwithstanding—and that, if the age-old problem of their people could be solved, they would solve it.

"DON'T MAKE 'EM MAD"

Standing squarely against sin, the Cowles brothers have won a liberal reputation, built Look and a tidy press monopoly

by Dale Kramer

IOWA-BRED John and Gardner (Mike) Cowles, youngest of America's press lords, have brought to the publishing world a quick-acting formula for success. In the last decade the two men have extended the thick monopoly blanket of their father's Des Moines *Register and Tribune* to cover most of Iowa; invaded Minnesota by taking over every newspaper in Minneapolis; founded *Look* and boosted its circulation into millions; laid plans for another mass-circulation magazine; issued books; made films; and acquired several radio stations.

During the process of acquiring and building up these great properties, the Cowles brothers have won themselves a national reputation for liberalism. This progressive label seems to have originated in the reasonable and righteous editorial attitudes taken by their newspapers. The second factor contributing to their reputations as liberals is the strong support they gave to the late Wendell Willkie.

When their two-pronged publishing offensive was launched a decade ago, John, then 38 years old, undertook the reduction of Minneapolis. John Cowles is not an easy man to get to know. Those who have worked closely with him say that long ago he acquired a pleasant exterior for use as required; but behind the squarish face, the big-rimmed spectacles and the air of quiet self-confidence are the drive and ability which demolished Minneapolis publishing opposition in four years. He is also a director of General Mills, General Electric and other great corporations, and has acquired a reputation as a student of the economic and political riddles which confront modern capitalism. That he has political influence is proved by the fact that many associates believe his switch to Willkie before the 1940 GOP convention was the torpedo that sank Dewey's candidacy.

Dale Kramer, author of many New Republic articles, is a former Yank correspondent who is now free-lancing.

Two-idea man. Mike, barely 34 in 1937, when he made a family beachhead among the magazines with *Look*, is customarily thought of as an idea man, who complements John's administrative abilities. Old associates, however, call the analysis too simple.

"Mike has a couple of personalities," one said not long ago. "To understand him you have to know the Cowles family. The old man, Gardner Sr., was an iron-jawed patriarch who thought that accumulating money was next to godliness. John and Mike wanted to escape his shadow by making independent successes, but were overawed by their father until the day he died, a couple of years ago. Another Cowles brother, Russell, said to hell with the family business and became a leading artist. Mike, who had painting talent himself, admired Russell's courage and was all mixed up between wanting some kind of creative career and hanging on to the comfort and prestige of the family business and position."

The result has been an indecisiveness that explains the paradoxical impression Mike makes on people. Relaxed among friends, or in any sort of intellectual company where he is accepted as an equal or superior, he is a charming companion. As an executive he is something like a prince who neither knows nor cares much about ruling. The result is that he is condescending toward his minor subjects, and indecisive and captious with top advisers.

When the magazine *Look* was first broached as a publishing idea more than 10 years ago, Gardner Sr. had been unimpressed. But young Mike

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had argued that the use of rotogravure processes and *Register and Tribune* plant and personnel would cut down the risk and make the attempt worthwhile.

Today, while the over-all *Look* operation is still in the red, it has grown from a couple of Des Moines desks into a plushy five-floor domain at 511 Fifth Avenue, New York. A year ago, after spending the war largely in the OWI, traveling abroad or watching over other Cowles projects, Mike took the editorial chair himself. If the Cowles family required booster shots of talent and ambition, it got them last winter when Mike married Fleur Fenton, a successful and slightly fabulous advertising executive who promptly joined her husband at *Look*. An attractive blonde, whose fragile appearance belies relentless energy and an iron will, she has sometimes been compared with Clare Booth Luce, who sprang into the national spotlight after marrying another publisher.

The mixture. The basic Cowles publishing formula was not discovered by accident, but it is plain that its compounders, Cowles Sr. and Harvey Ingham (89-year-old editor emeritus of the *R&T*), were not entirely conscious of what they were up to. In 1903, Ingham, in financial trouble after buying a fractional interest in the Des Moines *Register and Leader,* telegraphed his old friend Gardner Cowles for help. Cowles, who had accumulated a sizable stake as a banker, land dealer and contractor for mail routes, arranged to buy control of the *Register and Leader* for $300,000. Ingham retained a minor interest.

Unlike the vitriolic editors of the day, Ingham viewed himself as an educator in tolerance, mild economic reform and international coöperation. He didn't like to make people mad.

Neither did Cowles. To a hard-headed businessman it was plain that irritated advertisers and subscribers wouldn't fill the cash register. Cowles, it turned out, possessed a genius for circulation building. Careful schedules got the newspaper to out-of-city subscribers every day. As handy with a bromide as a timetable, he inspired the first of the generations of small boys who have mounted bikes at dawn and dusk to strengthen their characters by tossing Cowles newspapers on front porches. The circulation of the papers became almost as much a part of Cowles Sr. as the coursing of his own blood. In his closing years his employees regularly honored him by surpassing even larger quotas, and his memory is thus hallowed today.

Moral gossip. So the first two elements of the Cowles formula went into the mixture: don't make anybody mad editorially, and concentrate endlessly on circulation. The next two ingredients, Sin and Purity, were closely linked. While the circulation pull of sex and violence was inescapable, self-righteous Iowans would have bitterly resented any suggestion that they *liked* to read about sin. Yellow journalism was repugnant to Cowles, descendant of New England Puritans and son of a Methodist preacher, and to Ingham the idealist. But sex and crime, swathed in a sound moral lesson, or muffled by columns of serious matter, insulted the dignity of neither readers nor publishers. The result was often an itchy, prurient journalism reminiscent of a gossipy woman relating the neighborhood dirt in highly indignant tones.

Another major component of the Cowles formula for publishing success was company paternalism. A "family" atmosphere was engendered in top men by frequent policy meetings and considerable free rein. Cynical big-city newsmen were unwelcome; wholesome young Midwesterners were hired from smaller papers or direct from college and paid partly in experience and prestige.

While over two decades the formula's basic ingredients had been fixed by their elders, refinements by the Cowles sons ensured a smooth, predictable mixture. John, home from college in 1921, dug in with such energy that two years later he was general manager and learning about mergers by helping with the purchase of one of the two remaining competitors. He started the prosperous *R&T* Syndicate and in 1927 negotiated the deal that silenced the last rival. Mike returned in 1925 and quickly gained titles like city editor and managing editor. But if critics whispered that Mike's success was due to his family position, it could be pointed out that he had been *Crimson* editor at Harvard. His restless creative urge made him all the more anxious to work changes in the papers.

Able laboratory assistants were available for the new experiments. Rugged-faced W. W. Waymack, now *R&T* editor on leave as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, had amplified the "technique of enlightenment" after becoming Ingham's assistant in 1918. Basil L. ("Stuffy") Walters, a rotund, excitable little man, proved expert in squeezing the ingredients from a low-paid staff. A skinny, sleepy-looking Drake University student, Vernon Pope, got a part-time job and developed into one of the country's top picture men.

At the *Register and Tribune* dull typography was corrected. Photographs were featured. The editorial page got what Waymack called a circus make-up, with columnists "balanced" according to point of view in line with the no-controversy policy. Sports pages carried line-ups from even the smallest high school. Polls checked reader interest. At the same time the promotion department hammered the average Iowan dizzy. He looked up, and the *R&T* news plane was roaring on a mission; once Stuffy Walters loaded it with dynamite and sent it to halt the spread of a fire. Wirephoto was installed with such fanfare that it would have done justice to Samuel Morse sitting atop the *R&T* flagpole inventing the telegraph. Had it not been for the depression, circulation almost certainly would have been doubled in five years. It took ten.

The mixture as before. John simply adjusted the formula to Minneapolis. Entrance was gained through the *Star,* a not very good third in a field of three. Competing were the *Tribune* and the *Journal.* Neither was bright reading and each carried a spiked editorial bludgeon for hammering labor unions and the Farmer-Labor Party, which held state power.

To help mix the components, top-

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flight *R&T* men, including Stuffy Walters and the promotion-department chief, were taken along. John moved quietly to earn the favor of local business leaders, who frowned on outside ownership. One step was to move his wife and four children to a comfortable but unostentatious house in Minneapolis. The *Star* beat the drums loudly for civic enterprises and John leaped into good works.

Walters moved a desk into the *Star's* city room, rolled up his sleeves and blended the editorial ingredients. Stories were trimmed, writing speeded, make-up streamlined. The Cowleses' old colleague, Sin, was awarded a one-story, page-one spot, the ratio finally settled on in Des Moines. The stunt picture—for example, the saga of a bum lifted from a park bench, shaved, dressed in new clothes and given a "new start"—was worked hard.

Down the middle. The *Star* had been fairly neutral politically. This suited the don't-make-'em-mad part of the Cowles formula. To enhance the façade of impartiality, the "Everybody's Ideas" column on the editorial page was carefully edited to start letter-writing fights and keep them going. Syndicated columnists were, as in Des Moines, played off against one another, with the "we-do-not-necessarily-agree" editorial note heavily employed.

Reader popularity softened competitors, but it was circulation promotion that delivered the final blows. As the young newsboys of Minneapolis began taking on thick layers of Cowles character muscle, the *Star* began to rain on the town's front porches.

The *Journal* threw in the towel in August, 1939, two years after John's first appearance. The competing *Tribune* fell behind in both circulation and advertising lineage. It gave up and accepted terms before two years had gone by. In adjoining St. Paul, the Ridder brothers, owners of the two papers remaining there, watched grimly from gun slits.

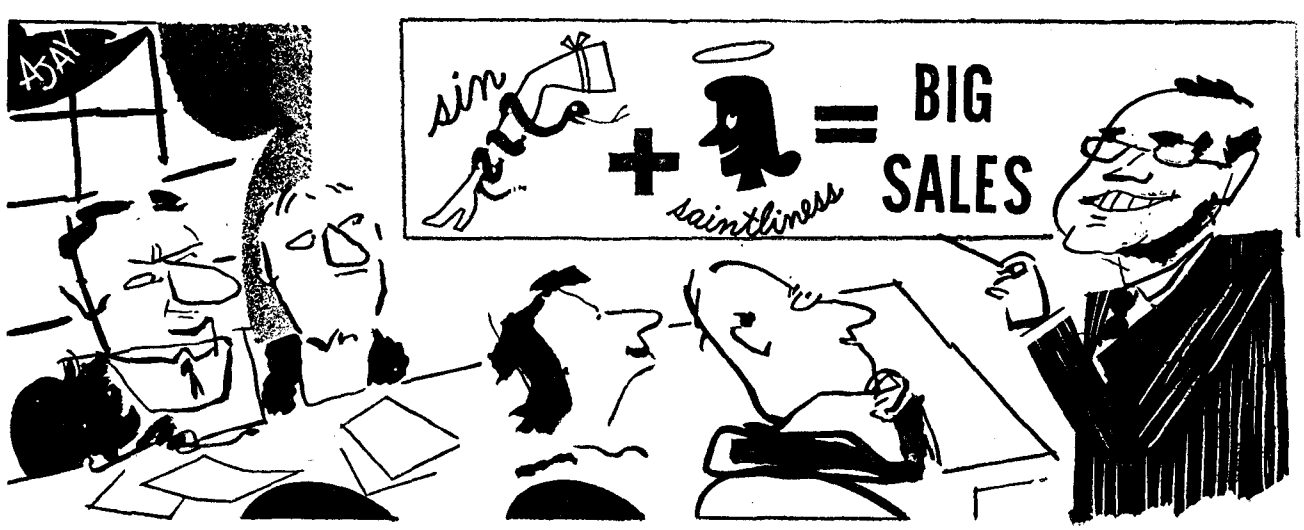
For *Look,* Mike had the help of the *Register and Tribune* rotogravure editor, Vernon Pope. He reached up to the shelf and brought down a huge bottle of sex, another of blood, added a sizable dash of morality and threw in all the snakes and animals in stock. In the first issue (February, 1937) *Look* described itself as an educational magazine, and few readers denied having been edified.

On the cover was "Germany's Strange Bridegroom," the corpulent and leering Hermann Goering, ex-dope fiend. The major story, "Parole Racket—America's Shame," spattered gore wildly. On another page, an auto killed a woman before the readers' eyes. However, for those depressed by the corpses, there was a prediction that ways of restoring the dead were not far off. Women got a nasty shock from a suggestion that strenuous exercise might turn them into men; a mad elephant roamed the columns; and Japan's geisha girls were well exposed. As a bonus of sorts, a photograph of Greta Garbo on the back cover could be folded in a suggestive manner, but Mike said this was unpremeditated and he was against it.

The March, 1937, issue carried suggestiveness to the point of bold presentation. Thoughtfully viewing the female form, *Look* displayed it from behind (a half-dressed girl driven by smoke and flames out of a window into the arms of a heroic fireman); before (Hedy Lamarr nude to the waist); sidewise (Greta Garbo's shoulders and "one of Hollywood's most beautiful backs"); and even under water, with the famous Lamarr "Ecstasy" swimming scene, and Myrna Loy, "dream wife of a million men," reclining in an exotic tile bath surrounded, but not crowded, by rose petals. Next month, the editors promised the "Life story of Marlene Dietrich, all told in unusual pictures."

In subsequent issues, readers were instructed how to commit hara-kiri, kiss, hang gorillas, fight wild animals barehanded and prevent home accidents. The circulation results proved to be not much better than for the rash of *Clicks* and *Peeks* of the time. Advertising was being sought, and while undertakers undoubtedly took cheer from the litter of corpses, they didn't furnish much revenue.

For help, Mike turned to Harlan Logan, former Big Ten basketball star, Rhodes scholar and New York University instructor. Logan had published analyses of a number of magazines and had caught the interest of the publishing world by converting the old *Scribner's* to a slick. He called himself a magazine "doctor." The



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good doctor looked over *Look* and recommended more serious topics, careful aim at the typical American family, and a better production job. Synthetic gore was eliminated (World War II battles provided enough material for even the most bloodthirsty reader) and name writers like Raymond Clapper, Dorothy Thompson, Ernest K. Lindley and Vincent Sheean were used. By the end of the war, *Look* was issuing picture-and-text books and film shorts, and a photo *Reader's Digest* was in the works.

How liberal? The Cowles reputation for liberalism points up two peculiarities of contemporary American political life: (1) the habit of calling a man a liberal because he preferred Willkie over Taft or Dewey; (2) a journalistic state of affairs wherein a publication appears liberal merely because it is not abusively reactionary.

The Cowles editorial formula calls for a lofty, let-us-not-judge-hastily attitude somewhat in the tone of a civics textbook. Readers long ago noticed that injustices denounced are generally abstract or far distant. "On an issue that can burn," one experienced reader has declared, "the editors will first tut you forward, then tut you back."

As evidence for allegations that the Cowleses have never endangered an eye —some say a dollar—in behalf of abstract virtues promulgated in their columns, critics mention several unused opportunities for action. Racial bigotry is often deplored and writers dealing with Hitler's persecutions always remove their gloves. But when leading Minnesota Republicans launched a vicious anti-Semitic attack against the Farmer-Labor Party, no Cowles legions took the field. Minnesota's Hitler-apologist Representative Harold Knutson is not embarrassed by the Cowles papers, although the highly conservative St. Paul press has battered him.

Betwixt and between. Des Moines liberals recall Mike's youthful troubles in attempting a course between the mists of *R&T* editorial-page idealism and the cold steel of his father's money vaults. As the depression deepened, he had won a name as a friend at court for the unemployed. The *R&T* came to look kindly on the AAA farm program and some other New Deal measures, and off the record Mike talked—anyhow, it was often so interpreted—even Left of that. One Des Moines labor leader said recently: "Mike was always accessible and carried through on whatever he undertook."

The harsh facts of life were brought home in 1935 when editorial employees set out to organize a unit of the American Newspaper Guild. The road was exceedingly rough. Stuffy Walters ran around trying to ferret out members and it was made clear that anyone joining the Guild endangered his job. Into the minds of the few who stood fast came a thought: if we could get to Mike! They did. And Mike wouldn't, or couldn't, deliver. The Guild now has no contract with the *Register and Tribune*, and at *Look* Guild membership is normally considered a handicap to anyone bent on climbing high.

The habit of picturing a Willkie-supporter as *per se* a liberal is, of course, a hangover from the good old uncomplicated days when sheep and goats were divided according to where they stood on aid to the Allies. John was one of the conservative but perceptive business leaders who in 1940 were certain of two things: the US had to help smash Hitler, and FDR couldn't be licked by an Old Guarder. Dewey looked to John like a better candidate than Taft, and he helped launch the campaign in Minneapolis.

Meanwhile, the Willkie boom was in preparation, and the Cowleses were intimate with inner-circle members such as Thomas W. Lamont and Henry Luce. John possessed, too, the valuable experience of having seen young Harold Stassen beat the Minnesota New Dealers—the Farmer-Laborites—by talking liberal in public while convincing financial leaders of his trustworthiness—the basic design for the Willkie campaign. John was a big factor in bringing forth Stassen as Willkie's floor leader.

Mike was even closer to Willkie, who found him a genial and adaptable companion. Mike represented a special class of Willkie admirers—men and women of good will who wish to better the world, but comfortably and in association with the best people. Mike's old rebel instincts were satisfied. He rode the crusade train, and when it was wrecked short of the White House, landed a front seat on the grand One World tour and rubbed shoulders with the mighty of the earth.

Monopoly kingdom. How much of the publishing world will the Cowles brothers subjugate? To estimate the comparative strength of their present kingdom is hard, owing to the diversity of resources. In magazines they rank small beside Curtis, Crowell, Hearst and Luce. Their radio stations (KRNT, Des Moines; WCOP, Boston; WOL, Washington, D. C.; WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota) do not place them in radio's big time, and the circulation of their newspapers is outstripped by Hearst, Scripps-Howard and McCormick-Patterson.

But the Cowleses possess one tremendous asset that no other newspaper lord has been able to acquire: monopoly. The old raiders captured or launched one paper here, another there, all the time sharing authority with each other or local satraps. The guillotining of all rivals before undertaking a new conquest may be the Cowleses gift to modern chain journalism.

Some morning the Twin Cities may awaken to find the St. Paul papers in Cowles hands, although Cowles spokesmen declare that rivalry between businessmen of the two cities obviates further merger. With the Minneapolis monopoly assured, John could be spared for a new venture, although one of his important assistants, Stuffy Walters, departed angrily after learning that nearly two decades in the Cowles "family" had given his blood no taint of the royal blue. Stuffy is now executive editor of the Chicago *Daily News* and other Knight publications.

Cowles editors in Minneapolis feel a firmer rein than those in Des Moines, where the Ingham-Waymack influence allows a certain latitude so long as big feet are not stepped on. As one of Minnesota's political rulers, John uses the newspapers to implement deci-

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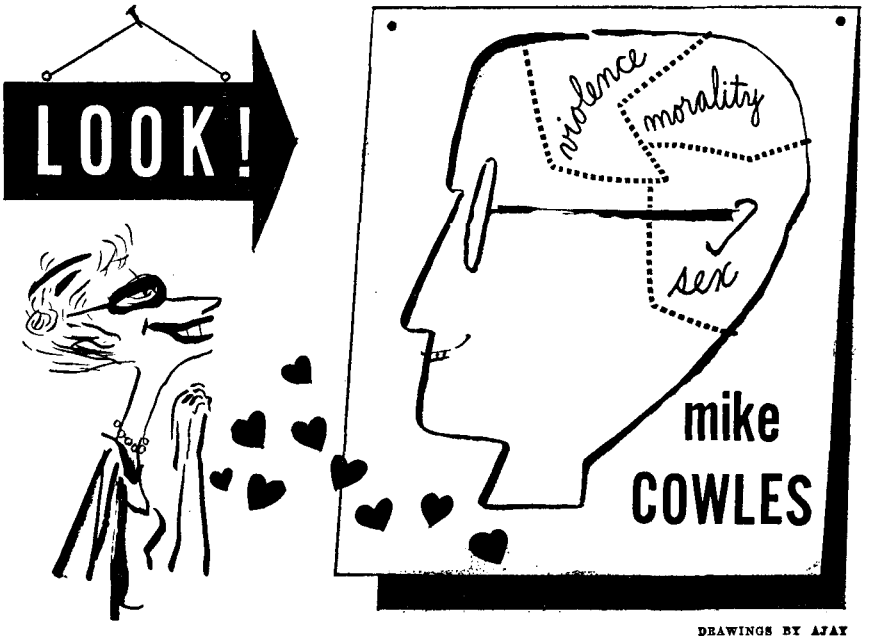
sions, but with subtlety. Space allotted candidates, selection of pictures and weighing of the editorial tut are sufficient.

Things are not so settled at *Look,* where Mike is more firmly chained to editorial duties. Harlan Logan, a $50,000-a-year man himself, was spending more money than suited the Cowleses. With a publishing slump in sight, costs had to be trimmed. Logan liked group (*i.e.,* "family") planning even more than did the Cowles brothers. Proposals were scrutinized by everybody from all angles. Readers were carefully examined for reactions (spies lurked behind transparent mirrors in beauty and barber shops, watching pages turn), employees were given elaborate aptitude examinations. Project X—the plan for a pocket picture magazine—ate up money.

Another factor was Mike's gradual break from the Middle West, hastened by his third marriage. His bride-to-be, Fleur Fenton, was convinced that Mike was a kind of genius whose talents weren't being put to the fullest account. "I was mad about his mind," Fleur, who often lapses into the hyperbole of the advertising agencies, told a reporter for the New York *Post* not long ago. She also had some ideas of her own for *Look,* and she agreed to step in and see that they were put into effect.

Family teamwork. Mike and Fleur complement each other well. Where Mike has trouble making up his mind and avoids personal collisions, Fleur is famed for powerful competitive instincts. After bluffing her way, at 15, into a New York advertising job, she climbed to eventual control, with a former husband, Atherton Pettingell, of Dorland International-Pettingell & Fenton, Inc. "In the huckstering business," an acquaintance said recently, "Fleur always could play it with velvet gloves or baseball bats, or both at once. She likes to win and usually does."

In conversations with friends, Harlan Logan has credited Fleur with contributing to the explosion that blew himself and 58 members of his staff through the roof. The first hint of trouble, he has added, came after a gin-rummy session between the Logans and the Cowleses. The Logans won, and Fleur made a side remark to the effect that somebody ought to know better than to beat the boss.



DRAWINGS BY AJAY

"I was mad about his mind."

After the blowup, Mike quickly ducked back toward the original formula. Roughly a quarter of the text and pictures of recent issues have been concerned with death, violence, blood or sex. Another quarter is conventional movie-magazine glamor; most of the rest consists of sports, quizzes, teen-age doings and fashions. Lead articles are focused nearly as wildly as the old inside stories about Goering's love life. For example, a cover heading, "Two Years after V-J Day We're Defenseless in the Pacific," turned out to be merely some combat "then" shots juxtaposed with weedy "now" scenes. Our powerful new installations in the Pacific were neither shown nor indicated. The sharp cable exchange between FDR and Stalin over a German surrender offer was blazoned as a "quarrel," with ferocious poses of the two men arranged to face each other.

Since this sort of thing can be rapidly cooked up inside the shop, Mike has been able to flatten out the budget. Gone are psychological tests, elaborate group planning, spying on readers. Nowhere is Mike more decisive and at home than when mixing Cowles-formula ingredients; and Fleur, handling the women's department, showed a quick grasp when she tutted the long skirts halfway between the old and the new. Meanwhile, expensive promotion drives for both circulation and advertising have been launched. *Look,* appearing every two weeks, claims a circulation of 2.8 million, roughly equivalent to *Collier's.*

Going places. As they look at the circulation figures, John and Mike are probably satisfied with what they have been able to do. Conceding the accomplishments of their father, the two sons consolidated, extended and enlarged upon the start he gave them. *Look* reaches millions. Two important Midwestern cities read nothing but Cowles newspapers. Both men have power and influence in national affairs. Both are still young, and other publishing and political horizons lie ahead. Mike has settled for something less than the independent creative career which once tempted him, but there are compensations.

Mike, with John, seems destined to be a mover in the financial hierarchy of the nation. Both brothers have influenced and associated with the leading political figures of their times. They have ideas about what America's future course ought to be, and both will try hard to guide it accordingly.

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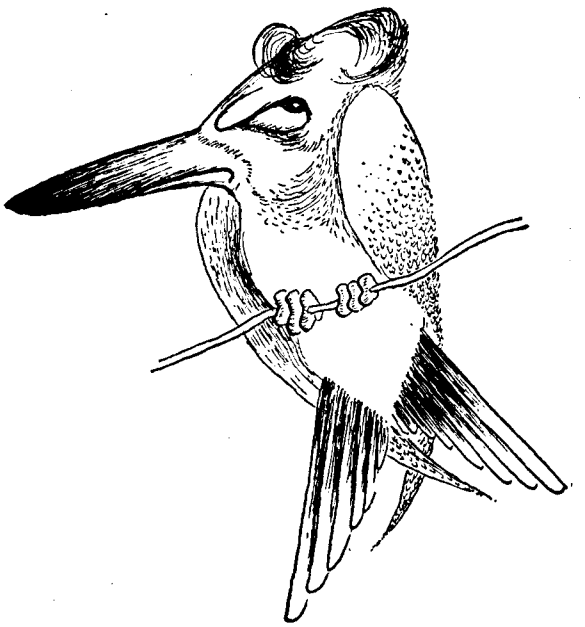
New Republic's Guide to North American Birds: II

Drawn by John Mackey

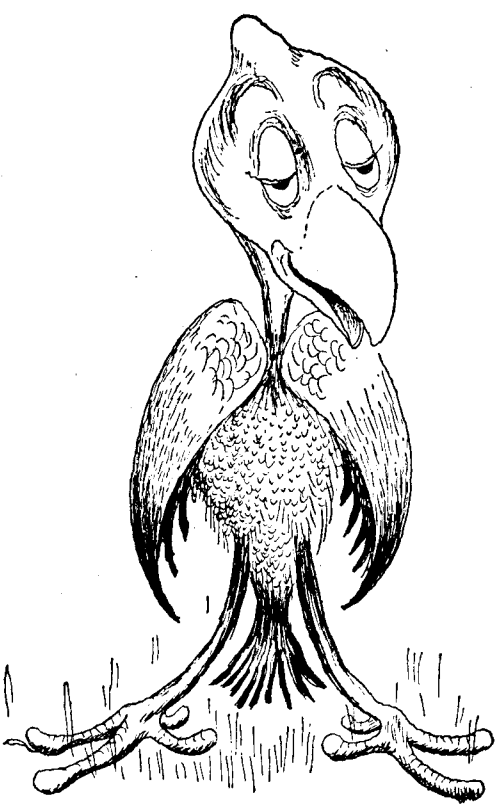
The Duck-Billed Platitude *(Regurgitator verbosus)*

Voice: a long, monotonous note. Habitat: administration buildings and formal functions. Flutters about wherever people congregate, and avoids getting far out on a limb.



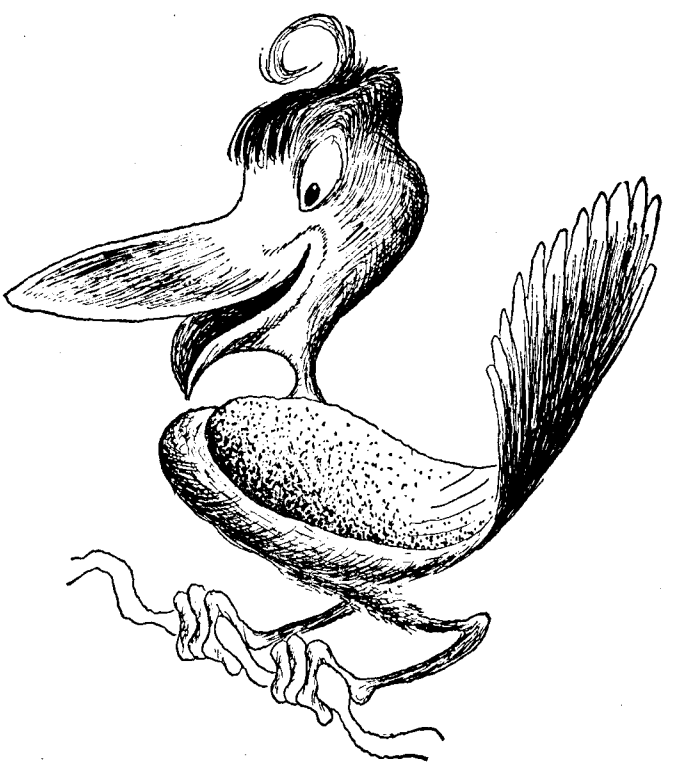
The Crested Perverse, or Huff *(Furora Tafti)*

Voice: a cultivated but unmusical rasp. Habitat: widely distributed throughout the US, but especially frequents watering places and resorts where food is abundant. Feathers ruffle easily.



The Green Gullible *(Sluggardus vulgaris)*

Voice: imitative, clucking notes. Habitat: as ubiquitous as the common sparrow. Highly domesticated, it is easily outwitted by smarter birds.



The Throated Redundant *(Orator Adinfinitus)*

Voice: shrill, fast cackle. A social bird that nests near others and proudly displays its plumage. Some authorities hold that the female dominates this species.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

AGE OF THE GIANT

by Richard Watts Jr.

IT IS the current party line of the Roosevelt-haters, according to the *New Republic's* TRB in Washington (the *NR,* November 10), that the gigantic stature of Franklin D. Roosevelt in contemporary eyes is the result of a "myth," which history will properly correct in its own good time. Certainly the increasingly frantic efforts of such fanatics as Westbrook Pegler and John O'Donnell to throw mud at the memory of their dead enemy is impressive indication of their growing terror that they are destined to appear as ignominious footnotes to a great American legend unless they succeed in cutting it down. But American historical legends, as Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln prove, have heroes who are strongly rooted in reality; and if *The Roosevelt Era,* edited by Milton Crane (Boni and Gaer; $4.75), did nothing else, it would show that the "myth" of FDR possesses equally firm actuality.

Although Roosevelt himself and many of his friends and foes pointed out that the theory of the indispensable man has no place in democracy, it does seem that current events and, in particular, current political figures are united in demonstrating how close to irreplaceable one man could be. Another value of this anthology is the evidence it supplies for those who may wonder whether the importance of FDR to his era, and the way he now seems to tower over it, have not become overemphasized by today's unhappy contrast. Crane has gathered together the poetry and prose dealing with the fateful period of 1932-45, and his selections indicate pretty conclusively that no such contrast was necessary to the Roosevelt legend. Even in the pieces upon which he impinges most elliptically, the manner in which Roosevelt dominated his era is made clear.

Variety. It would be too much to claim that *The Roosevelt Era* captures in any definitive way the quality and spirit of American life in one of the heroic periods of our history. It does not, for example, report on the extent of the bitterness and hatred aroused by the reforms of the New Deal, since the outpourings of such

foes as the Luces, Hearst, Patterson, McCormick, Mark Sullivan and the aforesaid Pegler and O'Donnell are omitted, and the hostility is seen through friendly or amused eyes. The extravagance, but not the venom, of the mass anti-Roosevelt assaults is recalled by Frank Sullivan's "The Cliché Expert Testifies as a Roosevelt Hater," William Allen White's disapproving and reluctant admiration and Jay Franklin's reminder that by 1938, 95 percent of the press and every major magazine were hostile to New Deal policies.

The purpose of the new anthology is simple, though the labor required to carry it out must have been prodigious. It is to provide a sort of intellectual cross-section of what intelligent and articulate Americans, chiefly professional writers, thought and felt during the momentous Roosevelt days, as set down by them at the time, in their written, spoken or acted words.

Thus the selections include articles, short stories, plays, parts of novels, poems, memoirs, chapters of books on contemporary events, broadcasts, profiles and speeches. Among the contributors are John Dos Passos, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, S. J. Perelman, Heywood Broun, E. B. White, Archibald MacLeish, David Lilienthal, Irwin Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, Thurman Arnold, H. L. Mencken, James T. Farrell, James Thurber, Pare Lorentz, Jonathan Daniels (who also contributes an appreciative foreword), Erskine Caldwell, John Steinbeck, Stephen Vincent Benét, John O'Hara, Wendell Willkie, Norman Corwin, John P. Marquand, Henry Wallace, W. L. White and Max Lerner—to give some idea of the variety involved.

A few of the included selections are: FDR's famous speech before the International Teamsters' Union in his 1944 campaign; chapters from Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath,* Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here* and Willkie's *One World*; Irwin Shaw's play, "Bury the Dead," and the Federal Theater's Living Newspaper dramatization, "Triple-A Plowed Under"; Robert McLaughlin's memorable short story about the Negro troops who were refused lunch at a Southern railroad restaurant where Nazi prisoners were welcomed; Mary McCarthy's celebrated dissection of a young ex-leftist writer, "Portrait of the Intellectual as a Yale Man"; and Wolcott Gibbs's inevitable *Time*-style parody of Henry Luce.

Imagination. While it is clearly worth reading just on the strength of its individual contributions, *The Roosevelt Era,* for all its comparative sketchiness, has the immense cumulative virtue of adding up to an impressive reminder, at once cheering and chastening, of the emotional and intellectual ferment of a stirring 13

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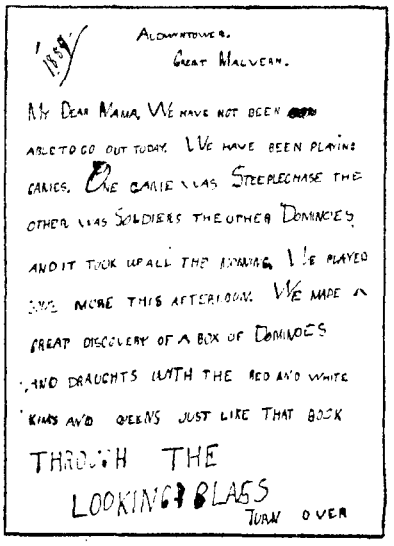

1887 Algonquin Club, Great Malvern.

My Dear Mama, We have not been able to go out today. We have been playing games. One game was Steeplechase the other was Soldiers the other Dominoes and it took up all the morning. We played one more this afternoon. We made a great discovery of a box of Dominoes and draughts with the red and white kings and queens just like that book Through the Looking Glass Turn over

FROM "FDR: HIS PERSONAL LETTERS"

FRANKLIN AT SEVEN

years in the national annals. It cannot be called a period of nostalgia, because there was too much fear and hunger, suffering and uncertainty. It was not always a day when answers were given, problems were solved or, despite the scale of our military triumphs, victories were gained. But it was a time when answers were at least boldly sought after, problems were courageously faced and victories were in sight over fear, stagnation, smugness and cynicism.

The President may have been an improviser, an opportunist and a politician; he may have gone terribly wrong on such a tragic issue as Spain. But, as Marquis Childs says, he was blessed with the rare gift of creative imagination. When he was in office, the United States regained its heritage as a democracy that was not stagnant nor fearful of social change. It was not then the hope and prop of reaction everywhere. It was earnestly striving to be in the vanguard of human progress, whatever errors it stumbled into on the way. It is a fine feature of the Crane compilation that, even in its most gloomy and critical items, it suggests a democratic determination to face unrighted wrongs.

A time to remember. If the book's chief value is to remind us, in a time when we seem to be forgetting such things, how democratic leadership was once bold, creative and vital, not inert, suspicious and full of fears, it likewise has other interesting messages for our day. At the moment the most bitterly amusing is contained in Leo C. Rosten's "Politics Over Hollywood," which recalls that the cinema industry, now so oddly suspected of subversive radicalism, first got into politics when the producers launched a particularly snide, deceptive and unfair propaganda campaign against Upton Sinclair when he was running for Governor of California, and tried to assess their stars a day's salary for the opposition campaign fund. There is no report of Cecil B. De Mille, who objected so bitterly to a small assessment by his union to fight an anti-labor measure, and joined the group of actors who fought the anti-Sinclair levy.

It is also ironic to note that screen writer Morrie Ryskind, now as celebrated a Red foe as Ginger Rogers' mother, was organizer of a pro-Sinclair committee in 1934. There is something piquant, too, about Rosten's report that Gary Cooper, one of J. Parnell Thomas' most impressive witnesses, almost got lured into a pro-fascist group called the Hollywood Hussars in those early cinema political days. Such information may lack the value of, say, Margaret Mead's brilliant analysis of American character and ideals, but it suggests something of the variety and entertainment to be found in a deeply interesting survey of a time to be remembered.

Juvenilia. The first volume of *FDR: His Personal Letters—Early Years,* edited by Elliott Roosevelt and with a brief introduction by Eleanor Roosevelt (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $5), covers the period from 1887 to 1904.

It begins with a scrawl written when Franklin was five and closes after his graduation from Harvard and just before his wedding. To indulge in understatement, this was not the most exciting time in a remarkable life, but any period in the history of Franklin D. Roosevelt is worth studying, and these published letters of his formative years, with their charm, liveliness and family pride, are of inescapable interest and value.

OUR "HEROIC" PAST

I HAVE BEEN looking over a stack of works in American history published this fall; this list is not inclusive, even of the books designed for the general public, though it probably constitutes a fair sample. Books on the American past are a staple of publishing, like biography. They form an essential part of a well balanced general list; the better ones live on, and some of the more lucky have an amazing popular success. A steady supply of copy flows not only from the academic historians, but from other writers who adventure into the field from time to time. There is no mystery in the reasons for their publication, for, unless I am mistaken, readers themselves in these first post-war years are more than usually concerned with the subject.

The American Past, by Roger Butterfield (Simon and Schuster; $10).
The Puritan Oligarchy, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker (Scribner; $5).
The Atlantic Frontier, by Louis B. Wright (Knopf; $4.50).
Rehearsal for Conflict, by Alfred Hoyt Bill (Knopf; $4.50).
Ordeal of the Union, by Allan Nevins (Scribner; $10, two vols.).
The American Iliad, by Otto Eisenschiml and Ralph Newman (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; $5).
The Great Forest, by Richard G. Lillard (Knopf; $5).
Postscript to Yesterday, by Lloyd Morris (Random; $5).
The Angry Decade, by Leo Gurko (Dodd, Mead; $3.50).
America in Perspective, edited by Henry Steele Commager (Random; $4).

Large numbers of citizens, like the servicemen who had had their fill of war, want above all to return to their national home. In this confusing and anxious period some may seek merely an escape into the past; others may be searching for a pattern which will give meaning to the present as part of a historical process; still others may feel that America has lost her way and believe that, by imaginatively retracing our steps, they may be able to pick up the trail.

In support of this conclusion one might cite the reception of *The American Past,* of which more than 50,000 copies are said to have been sold in advance of publication, in spite of its

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$10 price. I am no history scholar, and do not intend to pronounce critical judgments on any of these books, but surely the success of this one is due less to any merit of its text than to the fact that it is an extraordinarily well produced picture book, with anecdotal and journalistic interest, and to the promotional effort of its publishers. Nevertheless, the fact that it is about American history rather than, say, African exploration must be an indispensable reason for its popularity.

Early days. Two books by professional historians on the earliest period —Wertenbaker's *The Puritan Oligarchy* and Wright's *The Atlantic Frontier*—are competent, well written and apparently much better informed than some earlier treatments of the subject. It is possible that many readers still need to be told, as Wertenbaker demonstrates, that the Puritans did not bring religious freedom to North America, did not establish democracy or create a nation in their image. Or that the other early settlers, as Wright incidentally shows, heroic though they occasionally seem, were moved also by avarice and were just as turbulent and incompetent as later generations.

Among historical revaluations, a recent one has been an attempt to correct the unfavorable view of James K. Polk and the war with Mexico, as a result of which the country was extended to the Pacific, nearly doubling its territory. This is the theme of A. Hoyt Bill's *Rehearsal for Conflict*, and is touched on in the early chapters of Allan Nevins' two-volume *Ordeal of the Union*. Neither author is an apologist for imperialism, and Bill's book is more concerned with the fighting of the war and justice for its military men than with the political background.

But both show that the affair was scarcely marked by a duel in this country between blood-thirsty conquerors and angelic anti-imperialists. Partisan motives played a large part, as did rival ambitions and the growing conflict between the free-soil and slavery interests. Miscalculation, confusion and pettiness were all present in large measure, as were heroism and statesmanship.

Nevins' work—a major effort by one of the best known historical scholars—deserves a longer and more expert evaluation than the present treatment of it can afford. It contains much about the color of life as it was lived, contemporary opinion, and the shape of social movements and economic changes, as well as political history. Its principal theme is the failure of the young nation to overcome without a civil war the great division over slavery. Was the conflict always, as it later became, irreconcilable? Nobody can be sure, but the drift toward the ultimate calamity does not look inevitable as one follows the story of the people and their leaders between Presidents Jackson and Lincoln.

The American Iliad, by Eisenschiml and Newman, has a special and limited reason for existence; it tells the story of the Civil War fighting by quotations from contemporaries, and is good reading for those who are fascinated by battles.

DRAWINGS FROM "THE AMERICAN PAST"

A CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGER

The Great Forest, by Lillard, opens one window over a long vista of our history. The use and misuse of the trees which covered much of the continent when the settlers arrived incidentally reveals much about the way Americans have lived, thought and acted. To anyone with a taste for the outdoors, it is as engaging a way to read history as is likely to be found.

Modern times. Lloyd Morris' *Postscript to Yesterday* attempts to trace the changes in the American mood during the past 50 years, while Leo Gurko's *The Angry Decade* concentrates on the intellectual and cultural developments of the depression and New Deal just preceding the recent war.

Both seem to be asking the question: why has so varied, so powerful and so outwardly successful a nation lost its way in confusion and doubt? But neither puts the question so cogently, or provides so thoughtful an answer, as did Herbert Croly in his *Promise of American Life,* published before the entry of the United States into World War I. Morris' one mention of Croly speaks of the "boundless confidence" with which he "faced the future"—a remark which must be an inference from the title of the book rather than from a knowledge of its contents or its author. There is much that is entertaining and enlightening in both these new volumes, but neither will give the present generation the answers for which it is looking.

Debits and credits. It does not require a long or a penetrating look into our history to discover that if there is deterioration in American optimism, it is due not to any decline of virtue or wisdom, which were never abundant, but to the loss of apparently boundless margins for error and heedlessness, and to the growing impossibility of differentiating our fate from that of other peoples, consequent on the vanishing of distance. Poverty and depression, war and civil commotion, indiscipline, ignorance and vulgarity have never long been absent from the life of this people. The struggle to establish decency and security has in-

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cessantly been hobbled by intolerance, injustice, violence and delay. Serious forebodings about the future of the nation have been expressed periodically from the very beginning. Again and again we have managed to pull through by a belated spurt of resolution and cohesion.

The pathetic fallacy of a more heroic past, of an unfaltering upsurge of progress, lately for some strange reason fallen upon evil days, is not supported by the modern historians. Things have been changing every decade since white men first landed on the Atlantic shore. New problems need new solutions, as they always have. Good history cannot offer an escape to any golden age, nor does it yield any formula of rise and fall according to inexorable laws of growth; rather it indicates how precarious from the beginning has been the hold of men on human values, even on life itself.

As Henry Steele Commager shows in his *America in Perspective,* foreigners, who long have been fascinated by our ways and our destiny, have through the years carried back a report which in its large outlines shows a remarkable consistency. To our credit were more equality and less misery than elsewhere, a bold spirit of material progress, excitability, generosity, perfectionism. On the debit side were prevailing mediocrity, a leveling down of distinction and talent, less regard for amenities, rudeness, an excessive nervous vitality which makes for instability and rootlessness. America, though a land of opportunity for many, has not habitually allowed much scope for the artist and the lonely intellectual. It is receptive enough to fads and "movements" once they are sufficiently advertised, but our great men have had to struggle against the current.

If the myth of a self-fulfilling destiny can no longer be so widely accepted, we shall be all the better able to struggle with the recurrent perils of human existence. It is no misfortune to lose a delusion. GEORGE SOULE

TWO-WHEELED VELOCIPEDE—1827

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

RECENTLY PUBLISHED are two related volumes of unusual importance in the study of American letters: *The James Family,* by F. O. Matthiessen (Knopf; $6.75), and *The Notebooks of Henry James,* edited by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock (Oxford; $6).

The James family is probably the most self-conscious and articulate in our history: any formal biography of it would be an embarrassing redundance, its members made such excellent provision for the matter themselves. Matthiessen's task ("something like that of the director of a play") has been to make the pertinent selections from the writings of Henry James Senior, and his children, William, Henry and Alice, all beautifully illustrated by family photographs.

Much of this will be read as an anthology, but the author-editor's text and arrangement emphasize their family relationship, mutual criticism, intimate jargon, similarities and differences—as father and children, and as products of their haphazard and experimental education. They were extraordinarily curious about one another and found themselves absorbingly interesting as "natives of the James family . . . and no other country." Their awareness of the value of the family relationship is expressed characteristically by Henry Junior, in his *Notebooks* on a visit to America in 1881: "I needed to see again [the family], to revive my relations with them, and my sense of the consequences that these relations entail. Such relations, such consequences, are a part of one's life, and the best life, the most complete, is the one that takes full account of such things."

Full account. "Take full account" is exactly what the family did. "All my intellectual life I derive from you," William wrote his father, adding, "We will stand by each other and by Alice, try to transmit the torch in our offspring as you did in us." "Full account" was taken, moreover, in a lifetime of affectionate correspondence on both sides of the Atlantic, and none is more remarkably expressive than William's farewell letter before his father's death, and his exchange of letters with his sister on the subject of her own.

To the first, he wrote: "We shall live on each in his way—feeling somewhat unprotected, old as we are, for the absence of the parental bosom as a refuge." And to Alice, by a rule that prevailed in the family, he wrote (of her death): "My dear little sister, if one has things present to one's mind, why not speak them out?"

But the James family has a significance beyond these internal relationships or the importance of any one of its members. With its New York origins and residence, its cosmopolitan familiarity with Europe, its sensuous education, and in the father's theology opposed to "all versions of genteel respectability," this family presents the most forceful single example of its time of an alternative to the New England intellectual tradition. Moreover, as Matthiessen points out, among them the family "touched upon nearly all the cultural interests of their age," and from this magnificent record of their contribution and response to that age, we gain an "index to American intel-

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lectual history from the time of Emerson to that of the First World War."

Dedication. Henry James's *Notebooks*, too, are of great biographical interest, supplementing his *Letters* and his several volumes of memoirs. The first entry is dated 1878, and the last in this volume was made in 1911. They record his original conviction, near the beginning of his career, that "the painter of manners who neglects America is not thereby incomplete as yet, but a hundred years hence—fifty years hence perhaps—he will doubtless be accounted so." He complained that "I feel as if my time were terribly wasted here!" (in America), and decided that for him "London is on the whole the most possible form of life," thus determining his career, but not one, as it turned out, that by any means "neglected America." These notes record, incidentally, his prodigious journeyings in Europe, his vast acquaintance and his periodic reaction that "I know too many people—I have gone in too much for society."

But what they primarily record is his exclusive preoccupation with his work and his consequent determination "to live *in* the world of creation—to get in it and stay in it—to frequent it and haunt it. . . ." The other book these notes really supplement is Henry James's famous *Prefaces*, the final testament of his artistic principles and the history of his creative life. To this they bear something of the relation of the diary to the autobiography.

They are a storehouse of facts, impressions, projects, names gathered from newspapers, and particularly of those "germs," with their "little vivid intensity," which he seized upon, usually in a story dropped by a friend or a dinner partner, as material for fiction.

Almost all of James's work had such an inception, and the editorial notes to the present volume trace these original ideas through their development into the final stories. Thus documented, Henry James is the most *exposed* artist in our literature, appropriately enough, as he is also the most conscious one and the one most curious about the vocation and craft of the

DRAWING BY SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY PICTURE COLLECTION

HENRY JAMES

artist. As a consequence we possess an almost stultifying knowledge of the methods and history of his compositions.

Loyalties. Of even greater (or more general interest) than this detailed account of his labor, is the record of James's "continued appeal to all the powers and forces and divinities to whom I've ever been loyal." Of such a nature is his reiterated dedication to "my poor blest old Genius" in his "solemn vows in reference to the future."

Of such also are the scruples and injunction of the following: "If I can only *concentrate* myself: this is the great lesson of life. I have hours of unspeakable reaction against my smallness of production; my wretched habits of work—or of unwork; my vagueness of mind, my perpetual failure to focus my attention, to absorb myself, to look things in the face, to invent, to produce, in a word." But later, with more assurance: "I have only to live and to work, to look and to feel, to gather, to note. My *cadres* are there: continue, ah continue, to fill them."

And finally, with the impatience of a great ambition so beautifully realized in his work and in his life: "I shall have been a failure unless I do something *great*!"

JOHN FARRELLY

JAZZ: Records

DUKE ELLINGTON, who has never been a man to be afraid of fooling around with new ideas, offers some of his most unusual in a Victor album (P-182; $3.57, with tax) that includes eight blues sides cut a year or so ago but only recently issued. Many Ellington fans insist the Duke's early work has never been surpassed, but my own feeling is that this particular group is superior, at least in arrangement. Outstanding is a dreamy, introspective thing called "Transblucency," in which Ellington's use of the human voice as a solo instrument is interpreted with great warmth and subtlety by vocalist Kay Davis.

Even the Duke's piano, never quite so good as the best, is exceptionally engaging in this album, and the ultramodern Ellington treatment of the fine old "Royal Garden Blues" doesn't in any way detract from the original vigor of that Dixieland tune. This album is easily the best bet of the current crop.

The solo piano of Johnny Wittwer,

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known among jazz people on the West Coast for his work with Kid Ory and Wingy Manone, may be heard on six sides put out by the Jazz Man Record Shop in Hollywood. His style—unaffected barrelhouse—doesn't suffer from the repetition so prevalent in the semi-ragtime school. I hope he makes some records with a band.

Some of the flavor of an after-hours session is evident in Capitol's "Ja Da" and "Three O'Clock Jump," played by a group that calls itself "Ten Cats and a Mouse." The musicians are among Capitol's best known recording artists, and on these sides they play instruments with which they're not customarily identified. Xylophonist Red Norvo plays piano, guitarist Dave Barbour tries his hand at trumpet, alto-man Benny Carter and tenor-man Eddie Miller switch horns, vocalist Peggy Lee (the Mouse) sits behind the drums, and so on. Some of the musicians are uncertain on their instruments, others confident, but all seem to enjoy making the two sides.

CHARLES MILLER

RADIO: Listener's Log

I INDULGED in listener laziness the other Wednesday night by picking up the ABC network at eight o'clock and sticking with it for two and a half hours. What I got was the following parlay: "Mayor of the Town," Lionel Barrymore at his sniffiest, with Agnes Moorehead helping, in a harmless, but none too hilarious, small-town situation comedy; "Vox Pop," the poor man's "We, the People"; Abbott and Costello, the poor man's Mack Sennett of the Air; Jack Paar, the same man's Henry Morgan, who has improved in direct ratio to his increased use of Morganesque routines; Bing Crosby: if he didn't exist we'd have to invent him—piety and all.

At 10:30, I was unfaithful to Morgan and ABC by switching to NBC, where Jimmy Durante now holds forth. I had not heard him since he lost his former partner, Garry Moore, the new pilot of "Take It Or Leave It" (NBC, Sundays, 10 p.m.). Durante really doesn't need Moore or anyone else for his show. It's all Schnoz, which means comedy as broad as it's long, and downright funny. I hope Durante keeps on long enough to star in the medium which would really do him justice—television.

Listener's choice. A pair of commentators worth notice are on the ABC network these weekends. One has been there since October—Sam B. Pettengill, billed as the "Gentleman from Indiana" and sponsored by something called "America's Future, Inc." You can hear him Sundays at one p.m. The other is a lady from Cleveland. Her bankroller is the latest big trade union to enter network radio, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Her name is Dorothy Fuldheim.

You may never have heard of Mrs. Fuldheim, but I suggest that you listen to her now, Saturday at 5:45 p.m. If a label like Pettengill's tall-corn one were needed for Dorothy Fuldheim, we might call her the Lady Who Vanishes. In 1933, she vamoosed out of Germany, where she was correspondent for a Cleveland newspaper. Six years later, she was on the last civilian plane out of Warsaw when Hitler marched on that capital. In between, she left Madrid in a hurry when Franco licked the Spanish republic. And a few years later, she disappeared from the airwaves of a local Cleveland radio station when someone thought her views too liberal. I hope she sticks in her new spot for a while.

Mrs. Fuldheim is a liberal; Pettengill is a reactionary. The lady seeks peace; the gentleman sows confusion. At least, that is one listener's reaction. If I were a lay listener, I'd hear both a couple of times and write to the network about the pair. That's the beauty of radio's flexibility. You pay no money, yet the choice is yours.

Call to arms. There is another new "gab" show, which can be heard in the New York area only. It is "Something Ought to Be Done," broadcast Sundays, 1:30-2 p.m., over WMCA. Listeners contribute pet gripes in "letter-to-the-editor" form, and some of them appear on the program to complain and cajole in person. That in itself is an accomplishment—giving the air to the people who really own it.

J. Raymond Walsh, one of the few liberal voices on the air, who broadcasts a nightly commentary on WMCA, has taken on the additional job of guiding "Something Ought to Be Done." His aim is to do something on the issues exercising the listeners.

Those causes may or may not be earth-shaking. Some are vital, like discrimination against Negroes in New York theaters and restaurants. Others may urge the establishment of toy-lending libraries, or involve a hot argument about sports. But all are interesting, and really come from the people. Something ought to be done about this show—like coast-to-coast airing over one of the big networks.

Basic principle. Morris S. Novik, director of the six FM stations being built by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and executive secretary of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, has just sent me a new angle on the current campaign to revoke the Mayflower decision. He writes:

"The principle upon which the Mayflower decision is based is not revocable—not, at least, by the FCC. That principle is inherent in the spirit of the Communications Act—and only Congress can change the Act.

"The issues in the original case which led to the Mayflower decision concerned a radio broadcaster's misuse of that cardinal principle by using the air to boost one political group without giving equal opportunity and equal facilities to the opponents of that group. Clearly that practice was a violation of the spirit of the act. In my opinion, the Mayflower decision was only a reminder, a reaffirmation of a ban already existing in the basic act."

SAUL CARSON

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THEATER: Beware of Poets

"EASTWARD IN EDEN" is the kind of play you want desperately to like. Its intentions are transparently pure; it makes no concessions to commercial sensationalism; it is done with the most generous good taste; it is plainly the product of careful work by people who have a deep regard for art and literature. But, alas, good intentions are only weak straws in the rough gale of the drama. Talent is all, and not even the most fastidious labors can take its place.

Dorothy Gardner, who sets herself the difficult task of hunting the secret passion of Emily Dickinson through the frostbitten jungle of Victorian New England, lacks the necessary bold, creative theatricalism which would have brought down her elusive quarry. We are told that Emily Dickinson is a rebel, that she is a genius, that she is capable of a lifelong burning ardor that is strong enough to destroy her—but there are no scenes in the play that prove any of these things.

The work meanders both in its over-all direction and in the detail of each scene. There is none of the sense of that inevitable flow of events by which characters are made into living people on the stage. So a play that sets out to explore the inner life of an extraordinarily intense woman ends by giving us a picture of the placid surface of the well ordered and genteel life of professional Amherst in the 1850's.

It is timid in its conception: rather than plunge bravely into the middle of the story, it opens with a long, descriptive prologue in which a great many well dressed ladies and gentlemen explain to each other the mores of the community in which Emily Dickinson lives and her relation to them.

It goes on, almost inexplicably, to the church study of the minister for whom the poetess conceived her fatal affection. He has just delivered the sermon which kindled the fire in her heart, but we do not hear the sermon, and he seems only like a mildly troubled, mildly intelligent fellow who would hardly be likely to cause such storms in such deep waters. After that, the most important and dangerous moments of their relationship come in letters, which we are not privileged to read.

All this is capped by a dream scene, in which Miss Gardner makes her one desperate attempt to explore the hidden recesses of the Dickinson mind. But the dream is marred by a commonplace sentimentality, which, combined with the arbitrary nature of the device (a scrim and a blue light can never do duty for Freud), only increases the distance between the character we have seen and the woman who is capable of the searching, brooding poetry which she quotes, very often as extemporaneous dialogue, throughout the play.

In the playing, too, I think Miss Beatrice Straight has been misdirected. The cryptic and elliptical raptures of the poetry are sugared over with a breathless, smiling, girlish romanticism. We look for Isolde and we find a sturdy, well read, Smith sophomore in the first gush of her admiration for the captain of the Amherst debating team.

Lesson of the masters. Poets and writers generally are dangerous people to fool with on the stage, because their most significant activities are carried on beyond the reach of the dramatist. The successful theatrical studies of the breed, like those by Chekhov and George Bernard Shaw, wisely throw the representatives of the Muse into such overt actions as seducing moon-struck provincial virgins and breaking up the homes of successful ministers.

Miss Gardner would have done well to study the wisdom of the masters, who knew that poets could only be conquered by indirect, flanking attack.

IRWIN SHAW

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LABOR: Patterns of Power

THE REELECTION of Walter P. Reuther at the UAW Atlantic City convention clearly foreshadows the eclipse of Communist influence in the CIO. His victory was followed by swift action to eliminate staff members who were closely identified with the George F. Addes "popular-front" forces. In the two most numerous and influential CIO affiliates—the UAW and the Steelworkers, each with more than 900,000 members—Communist influence has now virtually disappeared.

If a parallel is permissible, the handful of CIO Communists are approximately in the position of the German army after the American break-through at St. Lô. They may be able to mount a counter-offensive at a selected point, but for strategic purposes they have lost the war.

Forceful leader. Another point of equal significance may easily be overlooked. When UAW members chose Reuther in place of the Communists and the "popular front," they did not blow out their brains, militancy and progressivism. But it is not certain that the CIO as a whole will remain as smart, militant and progressive.

To call Reuther "right-wing" is a gross misuse of terms. He is "rightist" only if we accept Communists as the only "leftists." The UAW is unlikely to become sleek and self-satisfied under his leadership. Reuther has economic ideas; he specifically rejects the "nickel-in-the-pay-envelope" philosophy of unionism. He has a sense of union functions in the political field as well as in the economic. He is the first American labor leader to try to bargain persistently for union members as consumers rather than hourly-wage employees of a single corporation.

It is one thing, therefore, to throw out Communists in favor of Reuther. It may be another thing entirely to throw out all Communists in CIO officership and replace them with less ingenious and intelligent leaders.

I am not arguing the virtues and vices of Communists as such. I am saying that whether people like it or not, Communist union workers have zeal and intelligence. And some CIO unions from which they have previously been expelled are today lacking in both zeal and ideas.

Reuther's particular economic ideas, and his forceful, impatient personality, are now powerfully injected into the central CIO councils; he is at least heir-apparent to Murray as president. But whether he can carry the whole CIO with him in his economic attitudes and his philosophy of unionism is a different and more important question. And the CIO won't remain progressive if it merely throws out "leftists" and substitutes for them "fat and stately" bureaucrats and routine pork-choppers whose only virtue is that they consistently disagree with the Kremlin's foreign policy.

Lewis and the CIO. Another question the CIO must still face is the future of John L. Lewis. Two months ago, the aging United Mine Workers chieftain made a tremendous bid for leadership of "all labor" against the Taft-Hartley Act. He was humiliatingly rebuffed in the AFL convention. It is natural, therefore, for him to improve every line of communication with the CIO, in some sections of which he is still remembered with affection because of his leadership during the perilous sitdown-strike days. (A member of the anti-Reuther group in the UAW convention refused to deny that "Lewis money" had gone into the anti-Reuther preconvention campaign for delegates.)

Lewis probably cannot do much to pull sections of the CIO into his own camp through his catch-all District 50. He would have to claim jurisdiction over locals now affiliated with CIO unions, and that would put him into National Labor Relations Board elections. He cannot get NLRB elections without signing a non-Communist affidavit, which he has refused to do as a matter of principle.

He may, however, offer UMW jobs to some of the UAW leaders thrown out of office by Reuther. He may enter into an alliance with the so-called "left" of the CIO; he was allied with the Left in the 1930's and is probably capable of such a working agreement again for purposes of mutual benefit. There is still a possibility, in short, of struggle within the CIO over the combined issue of communism and Lewis—and once again negative assaults on Lewis and "leftists" will not be an answer to the deeper CIO problems.

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BUSINESS: Cranberry Conspiracy

THIS WEEK you will probably be trafficking with what was one of the tightest little monopolistic operations in the country. The men who control the production and marketing of our cranberry crop are small fry as big business goes, but they have crashed the circle of those cited for monopoly practices by the Anti-Trust Division. And thereby hangs a moral.

The little red berries are nature's most exclusive fruit. In the whole world there are fewer than 30,000 acres—about the area of a large wheat farm—on which cranberries will grow profitably. They need a sandy soil with enough water to make a bog and enough winter to freeze, but not too much. Ideal conditions exist only in the United States—in the Cape Cod area of Massachusetts, in New Jersey, Wisconsin and on the Northwest coast.

So the old-timers who got into the business early have a virtual stranglehold on the situation. Formerly the 2,000 or so growers used to compete the life out of one another, but around the year 1900 they got smart and organized a marketing coöperative. Since 1911, this association, known as the American Cranberry Exchange, has never handled less than half the crop.

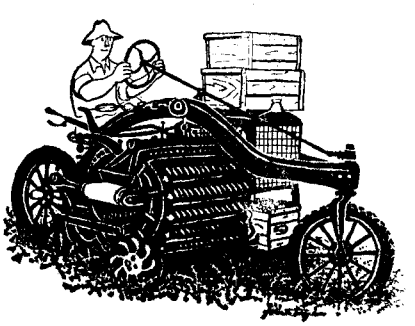
Meanwhile, people began to can cranberries in sauce or jelly form. This business grew rapidly during the twenties and thirties, and to it was added cranberry cocktail and cranberry marmalade. The growers who supplied these processors formed their own little club, the Cranberry Canners, Inc., more recently known as the National Cranberry Association.

Monopoly, Inc. On the surface you might think that the canned-cranberry crowd and the fresh-cranberry gang would have been a-feudin' and a-fightin'—or at least a-fussin'. But if you examine their boards of directors before the war, you discover a remarkable identity in personnel. This cozy little cranberry autocracy had the power to decide how many fresh cranberries the market could absorb each year at a good, profitable price. Then the combine could keep any surplus off the market by canning it and selling that at the best possible price, too.

In 1941 the Anti-Trust Division moved in with an allegation of "combination and conspiracy." The coöperatives were charged with plotting "to suppress and prevent competition between cranberry products and cranberries." The case dragged on for more than a year, ending in a plea of *nolo contendere,* with a fine of $32,000 and a promise of some real competition.

Boomerang. Last season it appeared that the anti-trust suit had wrought some economic mischief. The cranberry processors, no longer able to work in cahoots with the fresh-cranberry coöperative, fixed their prices so high that consumers did not buy the output. About 200,000 barrels were carried over to this season. Under the old arrangement, prices would have been lower and the carry-over much less. The surplus, overhanging the current market, has so depressed prices that the fresh market is in chaos.

I don't mean to defend violators of the anti-trust laws. But in this case, the breaking up of the coöperative's arrangements seems to have disrupted the orderly marketing of the berries. Nor is the cranberry industry an exception. Look at the A & P suit, the only major anti-trust decision since the war. I hold no brief for the chains, but again, what they were accused of was price cutting. And the same is true of the tire industry, which is currently marked for trial. Tires are one of the



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few bargains in this price-crazy day.

What it adds up to is that the present laws make it easy to prosecute firms that cut prices. In such cases, price-cutting is almost prima-facie evidence of illegal practices. But what about prices that are much higher than they should be? There the anti-trust laws sputter to a dead stop.

Free competition? Look at the cement industry. For years cement has been shipped by rail, even when cheaper water transportation is available. That's done so that a company able to ship via water can't underbid a rival that has to use the rails. This is one of a number of arrangements that accounts for the strange similarity in bids from "competing" companies for cement contracts. The Illinois Highway Commission asked nine of these companies to bid on delivering cement to 102 different destinations; it got nine bids that were the same to a fraction of a cent.

The present practices in the cement industry are the result of collusion that took place years ago. Legally speaking, nobody has to collude today. Why doesn't somebody step out of line? Because he knows that if he did, the others would cut prices, too.

The FTC has been trying to prove collusion since 1937; the case has just reached the Supreme Court. The Anti-Trust Division started to look into the matter in 1945, and to date hasn't even gotten to trial. Obviously, under our present laws we are sending our anti-monopoly-enforcement agencies into the fray armed with popguns.

The economists can explain how prices are arranged in most of our key industries. Why shouldn't what they know about price practices in steel and auto and electrical appliances, and thousands of other products, be used to rework our anti-monopoly law?

We ought to have a competent body of economists reëxamine the 57-year-old Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the 33-year-old Clayton Act. And we ought to add some topnotch economists to the Department of Justice. Then you would really see prices go down.

HAROLD WOLFF

MOVIES

Less Than Kin

WALTER WANGER presents "The Lost Moment" as based on Henry James's short novel, *The Aspern Papers*, which is much like saying that *Moby Dick* was lifted from the "Book of Jonah," since both concern whales. The movie, like the story, is set in a dilapidated Venetian palace, and both of them deal with a parcel of old love letters. From that point on, the guardians of James's good name can relax; no one is going to leave this baby at his door.

Very roughly, James's tale of sensibility dealt with a publisher who, having insinuated himself into the impoverished home of an old lady in order to get his hands on love letters written her almost a century ago by her poet lover (James was thinking of Shelley), discovers himself unable to carry out the project because the ancient dame's pallid niece-companion has fallen in love with him. To this, Leonardo Bercovici's screen treatment has added the following: the niece is more than a little batty and thinks half the time that she is her aunt, that the publisher is the poet, and that they're having a bang-up love affair. There are also the minor points that the old lady has murdered her lover and had him buried in the garden, that the publisher cures the niece by falling in love with her, that an overturned candle burns up the letters and kills the old lady, and that Susan Hayward is so endowed that she cannot look pallid in the dreariest of bombazine.

Robert Cummings, as the publisher-lover-sneakthief, gives a performance that is probably meant to be sensitive but turns out to be unctuous; Agnes Moorehead, having supposedly reached the astonishing age of 105, is called on to do no more than shiver slightly from time to time; Miss Hayward is considerably more alluring as the chilly companion than she becomes as the rather slack-jawed object of the publisher's affections. All in all, "The

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Lost Moment" is an ingenious time-passer in which love triumphs over some pretty eerie odds.

"Body and Soul" would have been a routine prizefight "B" picture if it weren't so well written and well acted. The problem of a young fighter (John Garfield) caught in the gambling racket looks real and dangerous, and the girl who shows him the way out (Lilli Palmer) looks bright enough for her job. There's a scene in which a Negro tells a white man to go to hell, which takes real daring by cinema standards. In some sections of the country, this one scene will stir up more fuss than all of "Gentleman's Agreement."

Slight mistake. The Rialto, which for many years has made Times Square lurid with flagellations, blood baths and succeeding generations of the House of Frankenstein, is now converted into the largest theater in America devoted exclusively to the showing of foreign films. This is a reason for polyglot cheers and they probably won't be much subdued by the doubtful quality of the first offering. Julien Duvivier's "Panic" looks like a good film, even if it is not one.

The story could have been made into a superior job. A spinster living in a working-class Paris suburb is murdered by a local "tough" for her small savings. Suspicion falls on an eccentric of the neighborhood, and group hysteria, fanned by the murderer and his sweetheart, eventually strikes him down. Evidence found on his person then exposes the guilty couple. So far so good.

But it is inartistic of Duvivier to establish as his victim a type that any right-thinking and quite unhysterical neighborhood would immediately suspect of foul play. Michel Simon handles the role like an extravagantly bearded Charles Laughton. His eyes dart, his figure casts ominous shadows, his fleshy lips mumble at the sight of female flesh, he proffers apples to little girls on dark stairways. By the time he has complained to his butcher that the meat is insufficiently bloody, anyone might suppose murder to be his most amiable failing. The later revelation that he is a man of childlike simplicity and the most scrupulous honor fails to convince.

Viviane Romance and Paul Bernard play the couple in the Apache tradition of brutality and abasement that the French producers must keep alive, with one eye to Anglo-Saxon prurience. On the other hand, even the Anglo-Saxon attitude of amused contempt for French police methods will boggle at a man's being hounded to death in the presence of a deputy inspector and a flanking squad of uniformed gendarmes. The mob itself seemed to think the incident unlikely, and was about as bashful as a mob can get.

"Panic" has the fine camera eye for setting, the cool daylight photography, the solicitous attention to minor characters, and the street-fair music that are by now the hallmarks of the genuine French import. Nevertheless, this one doesn't march.

"The Upturned Glass," from one of Rank's many studios, is an arty vehicle for James Mason, an arty performer. It concerns a young doctor who avenges the suicide of his mistress by throwing her tormentress out of the same bedroom window. The film strip and the sound track are tricked up a bit to indicate that the picture is to be taken seriously.

Open-minded editing. Holland is a tight little country readily identified by its windmills and its canals; the people of Bali observe a standard of modesty that differs from ours in one important and delightful respect. These facts, long known to readers of the *National Geographic*, are happily recalled by the March of Time in the latest release, "End of an Empire?"

It was filmed to remind us that Holland is a self-reliant, frugal, prosperous nation whose exports are largely made up of Edam cheese and Dutch beer, and whose future without an Eastern empire would be worse than problematical. Is there anyone in the audience opposed to self-reliance, frugality or a good glass of beer? R. L. H.

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CAMP IRONWOOD COMMUNITY, Harrison, Maine. Matured members of counselling staff, interested in forming more or less permanent association with progressive, coeducational camp, joining a working team in study and research combined with individual counselling and activity leadership. **Write Sebago School, 5521 Cates Avenue, St. Louis 12, Missouri.**

NURSE

NURSE accompany invalid to Europe for expenses. Box 36, The New Republic.

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BOX 35, THE NEW REPUBLIC

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ROOM WANTED

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FOREIGN PRESS: Target America

A SAVAGE anti-American campaign has been launched by the Paris daily *Ce Soir*, second in popularity only to the less political but more scandal-loving *France-Soir*.

Ce soir

As if the four-column front-page streamer, "Will France Become an American Colony?" were not enough to frighten every decent French patriot into buying the paper, the article's opening lines set the mood for even worse things to come. "You Parisians who read these lines, you in the provinces who follow our great exposé from the peace of your remote villages . . . don't you find it intolerable that the walls of Paris, the very boulevards of our capital should be defaced with sinister images, sent us by the nation where the dollar is king, to indoctrinate us with their 'American way of life'?"

The "sinister images" which the Communist *Ce Soir* charges America employs to "model people's souls to the image of atom-bomb civilization and the chewing-gum murderer," are, of course, American movies—for which dollar-famished France pays the US $240 million annually.

Pupils of democracy. When, about a month ago, General Lucius D. Clay directed US Military Government officers and Germans to open up a Germanywide anti-Communist propaganda campaign, the idea of inciting Germans, even indirectly, against one of the occupying powers may have caused scattered misgivings, but on the whole it was accepted as an inevitable extension of our domestic Red-hunt.

That is, it was accepted by Americans. But Germans had different ideas, and, for the first time, the German press showed signs of independence. A few days after the American directive was issued, Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* came out with a scathing editorial: "We have not given up hope of finding a bridge to the East," wrote the paper scornfully. "German newspaper publishers will make use of the freedom of expression granted them by Americans, and refuse to be made into the uncritical mouthpieces of either Eastern or Western special-interest groups." Other US-licensed zonal papers followed the *Süddeutsche's* lead.

An AMG survey taken 10 days after issuance of the American directive shows that in more than 100 issues of American-licensed zonal newspapers, there were only three anti-Russian articles; though the Berlin press, closer to AMG's fount of wisdom, did make several stabs at the new line.

The lack of enthusiasm exhibited by Germans may be one of the reasons why General Clay's position, reported in the New York *Times* a few days ago, now seems to be veering away from mud slinging toward "general philosophical discussions" of communism.

Another reason may be the little publicized fact that only a few days after General Clay issued his directive, British Military Government press officers were quietly directed by their superiors to refrain from following the American propaganda line.

In Germany, at least, we were shown up as standing ominously alone with our crusade.

DIE NEUE ZEITUNG

Should school teachers beat recalcitrant pupils? The question was debated in the Berlin press last week. Formerly, the decision was left to the personal predilections of German teachers, but now Bavaria's Cultural Minister Herr Hundhammer has issued an edict specifically making beatings lawful. So Berlin authorities, not wishing to seem wishy-washy, are trying to make up their own collective minds.

A recent poll, reported in *Die Neue Zeitung*, discloses that in the US zone and the US and British sectors of Berlin, public opinion is strongly in favor of beatings: 65 percent for; 30 percent against; five percent undecided.

And *Der Tagesspiegel*, which came

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out editorially against beatings, was hotly attacked by a reader: "Our German children at least cannot be brought up any other way except through fear and sternness, otherwise they'd consider all grownups weaklings. . . . Human beings are so constituted that they can be taught virtue only through violence, as seen by Christianity and the Penal Code," is the conclusion of the reader, identified simply as "A Veterinarian."

Der Morgen Berlin's *Der Morgen* reports the sentence pronounced, on November 11, by a Bielefeld denazification board on Kurt von Schroeder, Hitler's favorite banker and the man who arranged the von Papen-Hitler meeting of January 4, 1933, at which Nazi strategy leading to the downfall of Chancellor Schleicher was mapped. Schroeder disappeared from Germany at war's end and was picked up by the US in an SS internee camp in France in 1945.

Von Schroeder was tried for "crimes against humanity," the same offense for which an international court hanged 11 big-shot Nazis at Nuremberg. At the hands of the German board, Schroeder got three months in jail and a fine of 1,500 marks (the price of a pair of secondhand shoes in the black market).

The board refused to accept evidence that Schroeder had donated millions to the SS "for cultural purposes," and said: "We have no proof that he knew of inhuman acts against Jews or prisoners of war."

The denazification board of Hamburg-Bergedorf brought in an even clearer judgment. The board, considering the case against SS officer Hans Berenbrock, better known as former editor in chief of Hitler's weekly, the *Hamburger Illustrierte,* accepted the defendant's assurances that "he had had no knowledge of the true character of the SS and of National Socialism"—and let Berenbrock go scot free.

CHINA DIGEST **Confession.** China's Minister of Economics Chen Chi-tien is reported by the *China Digest* to have opened the Textile Industry Production Convention with the words: "People in other countries get rich and enter the government. People in China enter the government and get rich." EVA PUTNAM

CORRESPONDENCE

Progress

SIR: I buy your magazine every week at our local newsstand.

Only two copies are received; the other buyer is a minister. The magazines hang on the rack for a day before we buy them. That helps. Others see us buy them. That helps progress. Perhaps I am helping more by buying openly.

Peru, Ind. W. W. W.

Unfriendly Witness

SIR: Bartley C. Crum's legalistic explanation [the *NR,* November 10] of why his clients double-talked the Un-American Committee was very clever—too cursedly clever, if you ask me.

Your Mr. Walton pointed out the week before that Crum was a Roman Catholic and a Republican who, "because of the principles involved," was defending "the 19." I wonder why Mr. Crum's "principles" did not carry him to the point where he would advise his clients to meet the issue squarely.

I think principle should have dictated that Crum's clients either answer the question of the committee frankly (it is no crime to be a Communist), or say equally frankly that the question was none of the committee's business and, therefore, they would refuse to answer.

In effect, Crum's clients did refuse to answer, but they pretended that they didn't refuse. . . .

I hope someone, some time, will have the courage to say to the committee what Henry Wallace said in a recent *New Republic* editorial: "I have nothing but contempt" for you.

Courage, not legalism, seems indicated.

JOHNNIE JOHNSON JR.

Hollywood, Calif.

CORRECTION

Due to a transmission error, Helen Fuller's dispatch in last week's *NR* indicated that the President had not included the problem of inflation in his call for a special session. Anti-inflation measures were, of course, one of the principal topics the President listed for congressional consideration.

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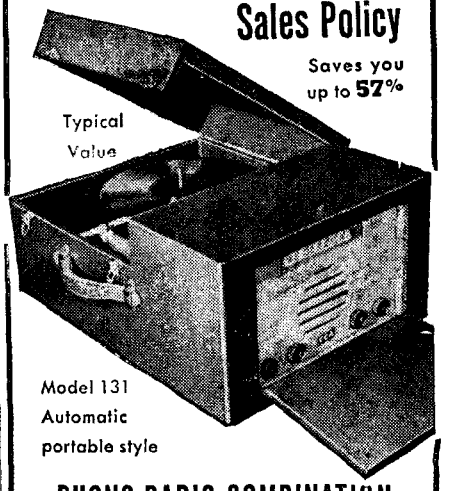

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

In these pages, the New Republic publishes several departments of informational and news advertising in the field of communications. Advertisements, to be acceptable, must be factual in character or objectively descriptive, or they can be recommendations by authorities or critics. Ads are listed by category, in the form of a directory, to give you easy access to the fields of your interest. Readers will find these listings, which will vary from week to week, of continuing interest.

Contents:

BOOKS 38, 39
Biography; Dictionaries and Reference Works; Drama; Fiction; History; Literature and Art; Philosophy; Poetry; Psychology; Public Affairs; Special Interests; Bookplates; Bookstores; Old and Rare Books.
FINE ARTS 39
Original Art Works; Art Reproductions; Publications; Art Bookstores; Antiques.
ORGANIZATIONS 39
Meetings; Publications.
RECORDS 39

BOOKS

Several classifications of books appear each week in this department, but not necessarily the same ones. From time to time, there will be listings of low-priced reprints; old and rare and special book dealers; and notices of related services in the field of publishing.

BIOGRAPHY

CONFESSIONS OF AN UN-COMMON ATTORNEY, *by Reginald L. Hine, Macmillan, $4.* The memoirs of a country lawyer and collector of odd lore about law, literature, and people. Full of exciting accounts of murder, breach of promise, slander and suicide.

DICTIONARIES AND REFERENCE WORKS

COLUMBIA DICTIONARY OF MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE, *gen. ed. Horatio Smith, Columbia, $10.* All living writers of thirty-one literatures who have attained eminence in their art are described historically and critically, as are their immediate literary predecessors. Approximately 1,200 authors are represented, from about 1870 to the present.

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FICTION

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS, *by James T. Farrell, Vanguard, $3.* A new book of memorable short stories by the author of *Studs Lonigan.*

THE NEEDLE'S EYE, *by Timothy Pember, Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.* A novel of a man's mature awakening. "Written with such unobtrusive grace that it might be Mr. Pember's tenth novel instead of his first."—*Malcolm Cowley.*

HISTORY

THE PAGEANT OF JAPANESE HISTORY. *by Marion May Dilts, Longmans, $4.* Covering the central facts of Japanese historical development, the author guides the reader through the maze of ancient conflicts and invasions to the present day. Illustrated with maps, photogravures and drawings.

WE, THE PEOPLE, *by Leo Huberman, with 25 drawings and end-papers by Thomas Hart Benton, Harper, $3.75.* A completely new edition of a widely-acclaimed history of the American people. Revised to include political and cultural effects of New Deal, it is "a unique and stimulating book."—*N. Y. Times.*

LITERATURE AND ART

ART AND SOCIETY, *by Sidney Finkelstein, International Publishers, $3.25.* An exploration of the origins of art and its relation to social needs. Traces the strain of folk art in the work of such people as Mozart, Joyce, Giotto.

LITERATURE AND ART, *by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, International Publishers, $2.25.* The selections, most of which appear in English for the first time, include letters and articles on realism in literature, art and politics, etc.

PHILOSOPHY

SCIENCE AND IDEALISM, *by Maurice Cornforth, International Publishers, $3.* Basing himself on dialectical materialism, the author scrutinizes and answers the premises of the 20th-century empirical and positivist philosophers.

POETRY

A LITTLE TREASURY OF THE GREAT POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *Edited by Oscar Williams, Scribners, 2 vols. boxed, $7.50.* Almost 1,000 poems, and 128 portraits and photographs of the poets.

PSYCHOLOGY

DEEP ANALYSIS, *by Charles Berg, M.D., Norton, $3.50.* A clinical description of a complete Freudian analysis. A revelation of the springs and mechanisms of an individual psychic pattern and emotional structure.

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF LIVING, *by O. Spurgeon English, M.D. and G. H. J. Pearson, M.D., 7th Printing, Norton, $5.* Avoiding the Neurotic Pattern. "A valuable contribution to the art of better living."—*N. Y. Times.*

HYPNOTISM TODAY, *by LeCron and Bordeaux, Grune & Stratton, New York, $4.* Two consulting psychologists, engaged in psychotherapeutic work, tell of hypnosis, suggestibility, hypnotherapy as it is understood and practiced today. "An exceptionally good job," says the *Journal of the AMA.*

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY, *by Werner Wolff, Grune & Stratton, New York, $4.* An "extremely interesting" textbook for the beginner, but "not written down . . . the author maintains his scientific integrity in the face of the temptation to oversimplify and to skip."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

AMERICA'S DESTINY, *by Herman Finer, Macmillan, $5.* Herman Finer—who has an intimate acquaintance with Great Britain and her rulers—says that it is America's destiny to assume the position in world politics formerly held by England. In defending his thesis, he draws upon an impressive knowledge of international law, nationalism, sovereignty, and imperialism.

BATTLE FOR THE HEMISPHERE, *Democracy versus Totalitarianism in the Other Americas, by Edward Tomlinson, Scribners, $3.50.* Documented account of Communist and Nationalist activity in Latin America and a plea for the US to adopt a positive, consistent, long-range policy.

BRIDGES OVER THE RHINE, *by Ernst Enrich Noth, Holt and Editions Méditerranéennes, $3.* The head of the German selection of N. B. C.'s International Department, widely recognized as an expert on the affairs of the country of his birth, here argues for a peace which will take into account Germany's outstanding characteristic: her ability not only to make war but to provoke it. He warns against our gullible acceptance of Germany's alleged good intentions and, even more emphatically, against foolhardy competition by jealously bickering Allies for Germany's sympathy and cooperation.

INSIDE PAN-ARABIA, *by M. J. Steiner, Hendricks House–Packard and Company,* $3. Attempts to point out the way to a Jewish-Arabic understanding.

A PATTERN OF POLITICS, *by August Heckscher, Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.* A young newspaper editor challenges our political thinking. "Filled with keen insights upon past and present."—*Arthur Schlesinger Jr.*

YOUR NEWSPAPER, *by Nine Nieman Fellows, Macmillan, $2.75.* Nine working newspaper men and women let down their hair in a frank, lively discussion of what is wrong with the press and what can be done about it. They give examples and name names. They offer a blueprint for a model newspaper, from layout and contents to staff requirements and financing.

SPECIAL INTERESTS

THE COMICS, *by Coulton Waugh, Profusely illustrated, Macmillan, $5.* A comprehensive history of comic strips and the artists who draw them. Coulton Waugh, creator of the *Dickie Dare* strip, presents the "funnies" as a folk art, an evolving social phenomenon, and a powerful force in American life.

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GOLDEN MULTITUDES, *by Frank Luther Mott, Macmillan, $5.* "A vastly entertaining book about books" says *Newsweek* of this history of best sellers in the United States. It's crammed with facts and gossip about the books that Americans have taken to their hearts.

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UNSEEN HARVESTS, *edited by Claude M. Fuess and Emory S. Basford, Macmillan, $5.* A treasury of more than 150 stories, poems, and essays about school and teaching—by Plato, James Joyce, Irwin Edman, Thomas Wolfe, Jacques Barzun, and many other famous writers.

BOOKPLATES

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BOOKSTORES

The bookstores below will supply or order any books advertised in these pages.

Boston

PERSONAL BOOK SHOP, *95 St. James Ave.*

Chicago

KROCH'S, *206 North Michigan Ave.*

Los Angeles

BRENTANO'S, *611 West 7th St.*

New York

BRENTANO'S, *586 Fifth Ave.*

OLD AND RARE BOOKS

Catalogue No. 131: Books and Autographs, for collector and scholar, in preparation. Free upon request. CARNEGIE BOOK SHOP, *140 E. 59th St., N.Y.C., 22.*

FINE ARTS

In the first issue of New Republic *each month will appear advertisements of sources for the many original art works, art reproductions, and art publications currently available.*

ORIGINAL ART WORKS

Most galleries are open free to the public from about 10 to 5.30. They will gladly supply information directly or by mail.

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BETTY PARSONS GALLERY, *15 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.* Exhibition of recent paintings by *Reinhardt,* through December 13th.

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PUBLICATIONS

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MAGAZINE OF ART, December: *Design Psychology,* by Walter Gropius with 30 illus. Also discussions of Blake, Wimar, Graves, Cooper Union, art books. *75¢ a copy, $5 annually. American Federation of Arts. Washington 6, D. C.*

MIES VAN DER ROHE, *by Philip C. Johnson, 208 pp., 190 plates, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., N. Y. 19, $7.50 postpaid.* The first complete analysis of the work of one of the most influential architects of our time.

MODERN PAINTING, *by Lionello Venturi, Scribners, $5.* The author analyzes the work of Goya, Constable, David, Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, and Courbet. Contains reproductions of more than 150 paintings.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN ART, Just issued. 1st since 1940. $12. 6,907 biog. listings. *American Federation of Arts, Washington 6, D. C.*

ART BOOKSTORES

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PUBLICATIONS

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW about Zionism. An informative 4-page leaflet free upon request. *Education Dept., Zionist Organization of America, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.*

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On this and the preceding page the Special Classified Advertising Section makes its fifth weekly appearance. We hope you've been reading it regularly, for it covers many fields of special interest to New Republic readers. Comments on the Section, or suggestions for further development, are welcome. Send them to the Advertising Manager.

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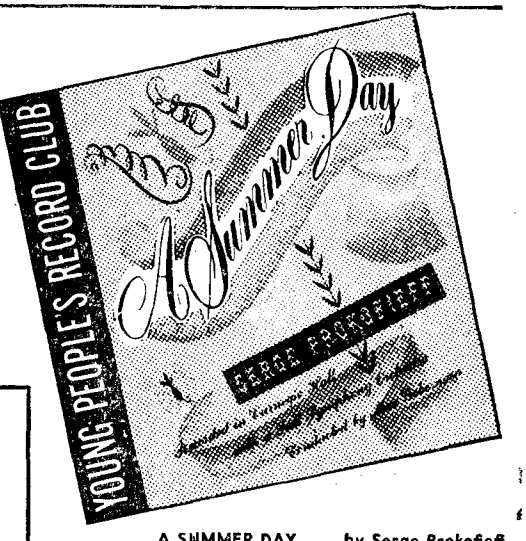

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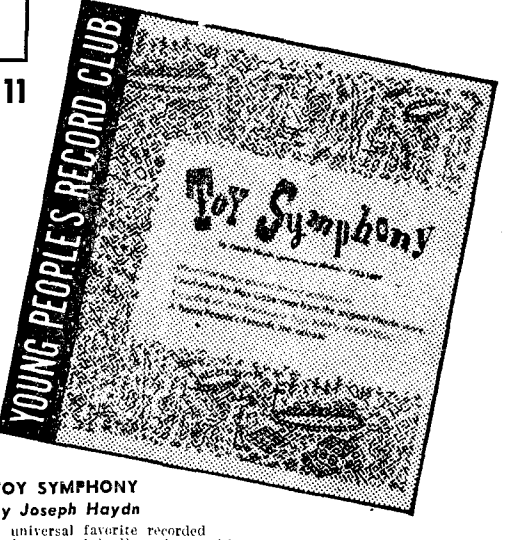
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Each month the Young People's Record Club's distinguished board of musicians and child educators selects two musical subjects—one for children in the two-to-six age group, and one for sevens-to-elevens. Each selection is judged by the highest standards of entertainment and musical value. To make doubly sure that these objectives are achieved, each selection is recorded by leading artists exclusively on Young People's Records, and is pretested in class rooms and nursery schools. Thus your child is assured of music that is appropriate to his age . . . music that will excite and fascinate him, while it progressively guides him, as you perhaps were never guided, to ever more thrilling stages of musical appreciation.

Music Your Child Can Grow With

Never before has educational entertainment for children been created on so broad a level. Every record gives your child something to DO . . . to play, sing and act in happy participation with the theme of the music or story. From the very first listening stages of rhythm and play activity, your child is gradually introduced to stories, children's songs, instrumental and orchestral selections. Each selection is captured with rare fidelity on 10-inch Permadisc unbreakable plastic records, permiting the child to handle them without supervision. Records are mailed monthly in colorful jackets, illustrated by outstanding children's artists. The reverse of the jacket provides complete lyrics, stories and other instructive and entertaining information. Club members receive these wonderful records at a price lower than that of ordinary unbreakable children's records.

Please Accept This Record for Your Child

Give your child an opportunity to enjoy music acclaimed by thousands—include hundreds of nursery and primary schools, with a membership in the Young People's Record Club. Unless completely delighted, you may cancel your child's membership within ten days after receiving the free record, and the first month's selection. Full membership price will be promptly refunded, and the gift record is your child's to keep, absolutely free. If you do not cancel, your child will receive nine additional records, one each month (11 in all). At your request a gift card in your name will be included with the first record. For the best in children's music—send the coupon today!

Every Record Prepared by This Eminent Board

DR. HOWARD HANSON . . . Outstanding American composer conductor. Dir. Eastman School of Music.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS S. MOORE . . . Noted American composer. Head of Dept. of Music, Columbia University.

DR. RANDOLPH SMITH . . . Educator and Psychologist. Dir., Little Red School House.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD... Noted American poet and teacher.

Young People's Record Club, Inc., 40 W. 46th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Young People's Record Club, Inc.,
Dept. 12NR, 40 W. 46th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Please enroll_____

Address_____

City and State_____

Age_____ Date of Birth_____

Purchaser_____

Address_____

City and State_____

CHECK YOUR CHOICE OF THESE TWO PLANS

☐ Regular Annual Membership (ten records, mailed one each month for 10 months) plus **FREE** record dividend. I enclose $12.50 plus 6c postage per record—(total $13.10) as full payment, including Federal Tax. I may cancel by returning the first month's selection within 10 days of receipt and you will refund my full purchase price.

☐ Monthly payment Membership. I hereby agree to purchase a membership (ten records a year—mailed one each month) to be billed me and payable monthly at $1.39 plus 6c postage each. With the first month's selection, include **FREE** record dividend. I may cancel without obligation by returning the first month's selection within 10 days of receipt.

CHECK FREE RECORD DESIRED

☐ A SUMMER DAY ☐ TOY SYMPHONY

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